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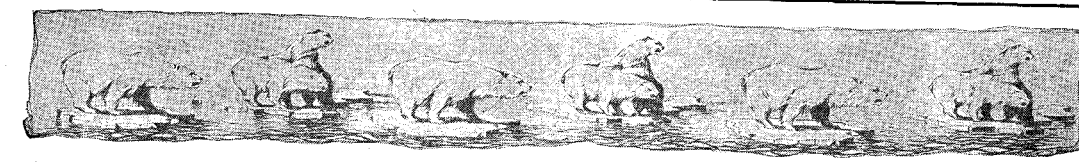

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The Outlook

OCTOBER 16, 1909

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THE NEW YORK MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN
MR. HEARST

The Mayoralty election in New York City involves more than a personal issue; but the personality of the candidates is an important element in the election. Two candidates, as our readers already know, have been nominated by the Republican and fusion forces and by Tammany. Last week a third candidate entered the field in the person of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. He was nominated at a mass-meeting in Cooper Union, arranged by former leaders of the Independence League, Mr. Hearst's own private party. The League as an organization could not nominate its founder, for at the recent primaries the forces of Tammany Hall succeeded in capturing control of it. Mr. Hearst is the owner of a chain of newspapers in Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles which hold the palm among American newspapers for sensationalism, unscrupulousness, and defiance of the principles of journalistic decency. His executive ability is proved by the success which he has achieved in the field of newspaper publishing. No man could have raised the New York American and its companion journals to their present noxious eminence unless he had at least possessed the faculty of surrounding himself with loyal, able, and skilled associates and of filling them with enthusiasm for his own ideas. His political ideals, as seen from a sympathetic standpoint, were described by a correspondent in a letter to The Outlook three years ago, in which he said:

> He stands as the representative of the progressive programme of a democratic commonwealth. . . . The times call for a man whose aggressive programme shall help forward the movement for the reclamation of power and wealth to the people. . . . A vote for Hearst is a vote for the friend of democracy, with a programme and a forward look to the time when Government shall, through the people themselves, abolish white slavery, civilize the slums, take over monopolies, and give the men who do the world's work a fair share of the world's product and a fair chance for a life worth living.

Mr. Hearst has served a term in Congress, but his service there was chiefly remarkable for the number of times he was absent from his seat and the complete lack of impression which he made on the work of the House. He has twice been a candidate for office, running against Mr. McClellan four years ago for Mayor of New York, and against Mr. Hughes three years ago for Governor of the State. His political trustworthiness and his availability as a leader of an anti-Tammany movement are indicated by the contrast afforded by those two candidacies. Four years ago he waged a campaign of bitter denunciation against Tammany and its leader, Mr. Charles F. Murphy. One short year later he accepted the nomination of the Democratic party for Governor of the State at the hands of a Convention dominated by the same Mr. Charles F. Murphy and the same Tammany, changed not a whit in the twelve months that had passed. Mr. Hearst, as he is portrayed by his friends and by his newspapers, is, like the other two candidates for the Mayoralty—a Friend of the People. But our opinion of the quality of the service which he can render to the people in that capacity can best be expressed in the words which we used in commenting upon his candidacy three years ago:

> We believe that Mr. Hearst is nothing more than a political quack, who has never yet cured a patient, healed any pain, or removed a single cause of the political disease from which he asserts the people are suffering. More than that, he spends his time and money exactly like his colleagues, the medical quacks, in aggravating the people's fears, magnifying their ills, and deluding them into the belief that he, and he alone, can save them. Political quackery is the

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last thing to apply to political disease, and patent nostrums invariably make the last fate of the patient worse than the first. . . . We oppose the candidacy of Mr. Hearst, not because we make light of the political diseases of the time, not because we do not see the symptoms of political and social blood-poisoning which have their source in graft, luxurious class privilege, and corruption, but because we are unalterably opposed to the unreliable promises, the dishonorable methods, and the dangerous and deadly practices of quackery.

THE NEW YORK MAYORALTY CANDIDATES JUDGE GAYNOR

The other two candidates are Judge William J. Gaynor, Tammany, and Mr. Otto T. Bannard, Republican and fusion. Both are eminent men; Judge Gaynor's is a newspaper eminence, Mr. Bannard's a business eminence. Both have risen from the ranks; Judge Gaynor through political service, Mr. Bannard through business service. Both are men of force; Mr. Gaynor is a fighter, Mr. Bannard is an organizer. Both began as lawyers; Mr. Gaynor went from the bar to the bench, Mr. Bannard from the bar into business administration. Both may lay claim to the title Friend of the People; Judge Gaynor's friendship is shown by speeches representing them, Mr. Bannard's by services rendered them. Mr. Gaynor first came before the public about twenty years ago. As counsel for taxpayers he brought a suit against the Brooklyn ring, in which he succeeded in breaking up a corrupt deal. As the result, in the Reform election which followed he was nominated as a Democrat for the Supreme Court. When McKane, the Coney Island boss, undertook to provide by fraud the necessary number of voters to defeat him, he demanded the right to see the registry lists; when that was refused, he applied to the courts; and when McKane disregarded the order of the courts, with the now famous saying, "Injunctions don't go at Gravesend," all Brooklyn was in a white heat. Mr. Gaynor proved to be the man to take advantage of the heat. McKane went to Sing Sing and Gaynor went on to the bench. On the bench he has been diligent, active, industrious, but no one would accuse him of having a judicial temper. His opinions are all convictions, and convictions opposed to his own he rarely respects or even understands. He is independent but erratic; a reformer, not to say an agitator, on the bench. He has the reputation of having honest convictions, a quick temper, a sharp tongue, and uncertain judgment. If he were elected Mayor, no one could foretell what he would do, except that he would almost certainly do the unexpected. In politics he is a Bryan Democrat, and while a Justice of the Supreme Court presided at a Bryan meeting in New York in 1896, when Bryan was not in good odor even with the Tammany Democracy. Exactly what Bryan Democracy means we cannot tell, therefore we cannot tell exactly what is Mr. Gaynor's Democracy. Sometimes he appears to be an extreme individualist; sometimes a Socialist in his sympathies if not in his convictions. He has had, until his acceptance of the Tammany nomination, the approval of Mr. Hearst.

THE NEW YORK MAYORALTY CANDIDATES MR. BANNARD

Mr. Bannard, the Republican and fusion candidate, began life as a clerk in a grocery store; worked his own way through college; left the active profession of the law to become the manager of a manufacturing corporation; succeeded so well in putting it on its feet that more difficult problems in reorganization were successively brought to him for solution, and were solved with as great success; did not allow himself to become so absorbed in private enterprises as to lose his interest in the public welfare; took part in creating the New York Charity Organization Society, and since its creation has been active in its management; took an active and efficient part in tenement-house reform; helped to create the Provident Loan Society, a contrivance to save the poor from the money-lending sharks by lending them money at low rates of interest and on such security as they could offer; helped to create the Penny Provident Fund, an organization to inspire the children to save their money and to enable them to do it; took an active part as a school trustee in the reorganization of the public school system of New York under the

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Strong administration. His ability as a reorganizer and administrator has thus been proved by a career in which there have been many successes and no failures, a career which has demonstrated his business ability, his administrative skill, his tact in dealing with men, his financial integrity, and his public spirit. The only question which remains to be asked concerning the fitness of such a man to be intrusted with the reorganization of the city's chaotic business and its administration on a business basis is, What does he think concerning the respective advantages of municipal and private ownership of public utilities? And on this question he has declared himself in terms which are entirely unambiguous. The first paragraph which follows is from his own statement; the rest is from the platform which he unequivocally and specifically indorses:

> I favor the adoption of the proposed constitutional amendment relating to the debt limit. Money rendered available through this means should be used for new subways, the demand for which is insistent.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> All future subways should be owned by the city. They should be built with the city's funds, construction by private capital not being permitted except when it is positively demonstrated that the city is financially unable to keep up with the demands for transit extension, and then only on terms that will preserve strict and effective municipal control.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The beneficial system of street railway transfers has been practically nullified. We favor such action as will secure as speedily as possible the re-establishment of a universal transfer system.
>
> The transportation facilities in the city must be utilized for the people and not for stock jobbing or speculation.
>
> A subway built by private capital, to be owned by the city, is a city work. Existing laws prescribe eight hours of labor and the prevailing rate of wages for labor in all city works. No distinction should be made between the city works carried out with the assistance of private capital and those done with city funds. None should be made in contracts for the construction of the city's subways. To do so would defeat the intention of existing laws and be unjust to labor.

We believe that these portraits will give our readers a fair idea of the men offered to the people of the city of New York as candidates for the head of the municipal government.

NO STEP BACKWARD

No utterance of President Taft during his Western trip has been more encouraging because of its ring of sincerity and positive purpose than that which dealt with the future policy of his Administration in what he himself terms repeatedly the Roosevelt policies. Thus, after declaring his intention to secure confirmatory and enabling legislation to carry still further into effect his predecessor's work for the conservation of natural resources, Mr. Taft pointed out that the present era of business prosperity had its resulting evils, that men through the use of wealth have seized power and are employing it by way of monopoly and otherwise in illegal and injurious ways, and that this kind of abuse must be suppressed. Such evils, he said, "were brought to the attention of the people in a marvelous crusade by my predecessor, Theodore Roosevelt, and it is my duty to continue those policies and to enforce them as far as I may and recommend to Congress that there be put upon the statute-books those laws that shall clinch the progress which was made under him." But with prosperous business conditions people are apt to grow lax about the enforcement of anti-predatory laws and principles. Mr. Taft therefore urged citizens to watch their Congressmen and to see that there should be equality of opportunity and that the prosperity should not "be confined to a few who monopolize the means of production or the means of transportation and thus prevent that equality of distribution which we all like to see." He added: "The truth is that money and wealth contribute nothing unless they enable us to make ourselves better, unless they enable us to think something of others and to help others—those who are down—onward in the progress of life." In other speeches Mr. Taft vehemently commended in general and in detail Mr. Roosevelt's policies regarding the abuse of corporate wealth, and asserted again and again his sympathies with those policies and his intention to enforce and extend them. In his Message to the next session of Congress specific recommendations will be made for new action in this direction, and his recent speeches give a tolerably clear idea of what these will be.

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DUDLEY BUCK

In the domain of church music in America, Dudley Buck, who died last week, has had a conspicuous place. Born in 1839, Mr. Buck came to manhood at a time when the greatest service a musician could render to America was in the training of musical taste. For this service Mr. Buck was particularly fitted. He had not the temperament of an innovator or a reformer. He was willing to represent in composition and performance the prevailing and the traditional rather than the unusual and novel. He was an organist of great ability, and in the concerts which he gave in almost every part of America he set a standard which was within the understanding of his auditors and at the same time was higher than that to which they had been accustomed. In the same manner he did good service towards the development of musical appreciation by his compositions. Even now there are thousands of churches which need for their advancement toward a reverential and dignified musical service just the sort of music which Dudley Buck composed. To the fastidious musical critic, or to the musical amateur who is interested and moved by the modern phases of musical development, Dudley Buck's music may sometimes seem oversweet, but to the great mass of those who attended the concerts a generation ago, and to the very great majority of church-goers, this music makes an appeal which the more subtle and vigorous music of other composers would altogether fail to make. At the same time, Dudley Buck's compositions are those of a trained musician. His workmanship was never unsound or insincere. His compositions cover many departments of the art. His cantatas are well known and are likely to have a long-continued life. He wrote many organ compositions and some orchestral music. A few of his songs have had a wide vogue, and his male choruses have deserved the reputation they have won. Dr. Buck exerted a wide influence as teacher. Under his instruction have come a number of Americans who have made their mark in the story of music in America. Among them have been Mr. George W. Chadwick, an American composer of real distinction, and Mr. Clarence Eddy, who is one of the world's greatest organists. In contrast to the experience of many musicians, Dr. Buck did not apparently show any great musical talent as a child; at least he did not begin his musical education until he was sixteen years of age. He studied in Leipsic, Dresden, and Paris. He was organist in Hartford, Chicago, Boston, New York, and Brooklyn. For a time he was a teacher in the Boston Conservatory of Music. His circle of influence in this country, therefore, has been extensive.

SHAKESPEARE'S THEATRICAL PROPERTY

Professor Wallace, of the University of Nebraska, reports that he has made some interesting Shakespearean discoveries—the most important, in his judgment, since the finding of Shakespeare's will, a hundred and fifty years ago. The information relates to Shakespeare's financial relations with the Globe and Blackfriars Theaters, and is derived from the records of a lawsuit, the complainant in which was the daughter of Shakespeare's friend John Hemyngs, who, with Condell, another of Shakespeare's friends, edited the Folio Edition of the plays in 1623. The husband of Hemyngs's daughter was a well-known actor who lived only three years after his marriage, and died in 1614, leaving his wife, who was only twenty years old, two leases which were to be held in trust for her, and which represented certain shares held by her husband in the Globe and Blackfriars Theaters. The father and daughter had a falling out, and the daughter sued the father in 1615. The case appears to have been settled out of court; but there was a further suit, and it is the documents in this suit that furnish the facts which Professor Wallace thinks he has discovered. These documents give the history of all shares in the two theaters from the beginning. The case was tried only two months prior to Shakespeare's death, and was, in effect, directed against Shakespeare and the entire company of stockholders, Hemyngs being the business manager and agent of the company. The documents cover the period from 1599 to 1616, when Shakespeare was writing some of his greatest plays and the theaters had attained great popu-

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larity. In 1614 Shakespeare owned one-seventh in the Blackfriars Theater and one-fourteenth in the Globe Theater. His profits from the Globe Theater did not exceed, in Professor Wallace's opinion, three hundred pounds, but his profits from the Blackfriars were much larger than has been commonly supposed. Of course these amounts must be multiplied many times to get at their value in purchasing power in Shakespeare's time.

WHERE WAS THE GLOBE THEATER?

What promises to be a very pretty controversy involving an unusual number of scholars has arisen over the site of the Globe Theater. Barclay's Brewery, Southwark, not far from the London Bridge, has been accepted generally as the site of the Globe, and a tablet designed by Dr. William Martin, commemorative of the fact, was last week placed on the Brewery, with appropriate exercises, the well-known actor Beerbohm Tree delivering the address. Now comes Professor Wallace, who has been searching the records in the Record Office with great diligence, and declares that the theater stood south of the Brewery, on what is now Park Street, and he is supported in this claim by a number of eminent Shakespearean scholars, including Dr. F. J. Furnivall. Dr. Martin declines to accept as conclusive evidence the documents reported by Professor Wallace, and declares that the clerk who was contemporary with Elizabeth and who described the documents coufused the two words north and south. Mr. Sidney Lee, perhaps the foremost living expert in the matter of Shakespearean bibliography and manuscripts, expresses the opinion that Professor Wallace somewhat overrates the value of his discoveries. He is also of opinion that Southwark maps and records do not support Professor Wallace's conclusions in regard to the site of the Globe Theater. In one sense this is a local controversy which will be settled entirely by an appeal to documentary evidence of various kinds in the hands of experts. But everything relating to Shakespeare is of such interest to the world at large that the discussion regarding the location of the Globe Theater will be followed almost as closely as that concerning the location of the Pole. A matter of interest to all Shakespeare-lovers, and especially to all Americans who have visited Stratford-on-Avon, was the opening of Harvard House at Stratford last week. This ancient dwelling is a better specimen of sixteenth-century architecture than the Shakespeare birthplace. It has been bought and restored to its original form by the joint efforts of Miss Marie Corelli, the novelist, and Mr. Edward Morris, of Chicago. In it lived the mother of John Harvard, the founder of the university that bears his name, and to Harvard University the house will hereafter belong, through the generous action of Mr. Morris and Miss Corelli.

MUSIC FOR ALL

The term "popular music" is usually regarded as being, if not exactly opprobrious, at least patronizing. There is no reason, however, why music which is of the highest artistic standing should not be popular. Indeed, the art of music in its beginnings was not the exclusive possession of a class. Its origins are to be found in that most democratic of mediæval institutions, the Church, and in the dances and the songs of the peasantry. Not until good music becomes popular in America will it have the place here that it has in many European countries. For this reason it is of great importance that every movement to bring good music within the hearing of those whom Lincoln called the plain people should be welcomed as a sign of progress in American civilization. Such a movement has attained a considerable measure of success in Chicago. In the small parks or playgrounds of that city there were given last winter a series of fifteen concerts, or, as they were more accurately called, "Musical Evenings." The composers whose music was heard ranged from Palestrina and Farrant to Brahms and Tschaikowsky. In no case was the standard lowered. Moreover, the music was not orchestral, with its rich variation in color and its appeal to the love of display, nor, as a rule, was it choral, with its occasional mighty, thrilling masses of

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tone; it was virtually all chamber music. These concerts, therefore, constituted a severe test of the belief that music alone without trappings or appurtenances can make its own way to the affection of the people. Preceding each number on the programme a few words of explanation were given to the audience. For example, before playing a Mozart sonata, the performer gave a short talk, so that even those who knew nothing of the technique of music could understand something of the sonata's structure, and as he talked he played the themes and repeated them until the audience became familiar with them. These audiences were appreciative, and they were ingenuous in their expressions of dislike or approval. The hearer who did not fancy the music had no hesitation in leaving the hall, and those hearers who desired the repetition of a piece were insistent. In every audience there was a large proportion of children. The way these people listened to the music of Schumann and Beethoven and Chopin and Brahms, and other composers whose names are worthily associated with these, proved how unnecessary it is to make what are called concessions to popular taste. The fact is, popular taste in music is much more to be trusted than the taste of those who fancy that in order to secure a hearing a musician must be condescending. One of the most successful of the evenings, it should be said, was an exception to the prevailing use of chamber music; that was an evening of choral singing. That singing, however, was *a capella*—that is, without accompaniment; and it was so ordered as to show the development of part singing from the plainsong of the twelfth century through the early polyphony of the sixteenth century to the modern era of harmony. These musical evenings were the creation of the Women's Trade Union League of Chicago. They were conceived by Mr. Arnold Dresden, of Chicago University. They could not have been carried out without the hearty co-operation of the Park Commissioners, or the contributions of many friends of the enterprise, or the help of the musicians who took part. There is no reason why every city should not have such musical evenings.

THE INCOME TAX

The Massachusetts Republican Convention declares itself in favor of an income tax, but raises the question whether such tax should be levied by the State or by the National Government, or whether there should be two taxes, one State, the other National. It bases its advocacy of an income tax on the following principle:

> The burden of taxation should be distributed so as to bear most heavily upon those best able to sustain it.

This is specious, but it is false. Taxation should be determined, not by the ability of the individual to pay the State, but by the service which the State renders to the individual. The principle laid down by the Massachusetts Republican State Convention is an application of the Socialistic doctrine: "From every man according to his ability, to every man according to his need." This is generosity, not justice. Justice requires from every man a fair recompense for the service rendered to him. A fair equivalent should be rendered by the State for every tax collected; and the taxes should be so distributed as to bear most heavily on those who require of and receive from the State the greatest service. The principle laid down by the Massachusetts Convention assumes that the State is a benevolent corporation, and that every man should contribute to its treasury on the missionary basis, "as the Lord hath prospered him." But the State is not a benevolent corporation. It is organized primarily for the purpose of protecting persons and property. And the amount of tax to be paid should be proportioned to the amount and cost of the protection furnished. It should therefore be proportioned not to incomes but to possessions.

For the cost of protecting persons does not greatly vary. It costs little or nothing more to protect a banker whose salary is twenty thousand dollars a year than to protect the bookkeeper whose salary is one thousand dollars a year. But it costs a great deal more to protect the fifty-thousand-dollar house of the banker and the various corporations in which the banker has invested half a million or more than it does to protect the furniture of the bookkeeper in his rented apartment. A

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tax levied on income derived from investment would be legitimate; because such a tax would be levied on property, and so would be proportioned to the service rendered by the community to the individual. That taxes levied on income derived from industry are not legitimate; because such taxes are proportioned to the market value of the service rendered by the individual to the community.

It is true that the Government performs other functions than the protection of person and property. It maintains lighthouses, dredges harbors, keeps open navigable rivers, maintains an Agricultural Department through which it distributes seed and furnishes education. But the benefits of these services are, roughly speaking, shared by the property-owners in proportion to the value of their property. The steamship company gets more benefit from the lighthouse service than does the passenger on the steamship; and the landowner gets more benefit from the Agricultural Department than the day-laborer on the farm. Property, not persons, should pay the taxes; and the taxes should be proportioned, not to the ability of the person to pay, but to the value of the property.

It is often true that the ability of the owner to pay taxes is proportioned to the property he owns. But this is by no means always true. He may own large unproductive properties; he may be land poor. But the land should be taxed, because it requires protection. The railway in which all his fortune is invested may be declaring no dividends. But it requires policing and should pay for it. On the other hand, there are in this country hundreds of thousands of men and women who own little or no property, who live on their incomes and spend all they earn—ministers, lawyers, doctors, tailors, dressmakers, milliners, clerks—who ask of the Government only personal protection. They should only pay for what the Government gives them. But an income tax makes them pay, not for what the Government gives them, but for what the Government can get out of them. Proportioning the taxes according to the ability of the taxed was the old Roman method; it is the modern Oriental method. Russia and Turkey plan to levy the taxes so as to get out of each individual all he can be made to pay. That is unjust taxation. America should levy her taxes so that each man shall pay the Government a fair equivalent for the service which the Government renders him. That is just taxation.

Some specific injustices which grow out of the general injustice of an income tax we shall refer to hereafter.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN
WHO SHALL BE MASTER?

In November the people of New York City are to decide what sort of government they shall have for the next four years. They are going to delegate to certain men great authority. So great is that authority that it is coveted by men for selfish ends. In order to secure that authority unscrupulous men will try to purchase it from the voters by crafty promises of the distribution of favors. It is wholly idle for public-spirited men to try to meet those promises by offering promises in competition. If those who are fighting for good government in New York City wish to win, they must discard altogether the appeal of their opponents, they must trust to the good faith and intelligence of the people, and must carry on their campaign in the belief that if a moral issue can be made clear the voters will decide on the whole for the public good.

By the nomination of William J. Gaynor Tammany Hall has raised such a moral issue. It concerns the very elements of government.

The primary object of government is the protection of life and property. Where society guards life and property there is at least some sort of orderly government. Where society fails to guard life and property there is anarchy. Government ought to do more, but it is not government if it does less.

In establishing and maintaining a police force the city undertakes to perform this primary duty of government. If that police force is disciplined and efficient, the city is succeeding in this primary duty. If that force is undisciplined and inefficient, it does not matter how many other showy and impressive achievements the

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city may point to, it fails in that primary duty. And when the city fails to protect life and property, the evil consequences weigh most heavily on those who are least able to defend themselves. In other words, the demoralization of the police invariably means oppression of the poor. The rich man can protect himself against the lawless by hiring private watchmen and detectives. The poor man has nothing to protect himself with except the ballot. Happily, that weapon of defense is a strong one if those who possess it know how to use it. Those who have most at stake in an issue concerning the police have in this election the means in their hands by which they can secure for themselves and their wives and children safety for four years at least. The man whom they choose as Mayor has the power to decide whether the guardians of the city shall be efficient or inefficient.

Against whom do the police guard the people of the city? Mainly against two classes of the lawless. There are, in the first place, those whose calling or inclination is violence; there are, in the second place, those whose business is dealing in vice. Both prey upon the city. To the one class belong the tough, the hoodlum, the "Black-hander," the burglar; to the other class belong the dive-keeper, the pander, the cadet. These enemies of the city are forever on the alert. If the strong hand of the police is weakened or hampered, they are quick to seize their chance of plunder. If the people of New York, those who are living in the crowded tenements or in small houses on the outskirts of the city, want to go to and from their work and pleasure in peace, if they want a decent chance for their sons and safety for their daughters, they will vote for a man who has less sentimental concern for the feelings of a hoodlum or the personal liberty of a dive-keeper than determination that the hoodlum and the dive-keeper shall not get the upper hand. To hear some politicians talk one would imagine that they believed the great mass of the poor in the city were hoodlums or dive-keepers and were selfishly interested in the sort of personal liberty that enables a boy wantonly to destroy property with impunity and enables a keeper of a disorderly house to engage in his trade without interference. Those who have boys to train in the midst of the city's temptations or have girls to protect in the midst of the city's dangers ought to resent this insult. The real interest of the mass of the people is not in the liberty of the lawless, but in the power and efficiency of the police. As ex-Commissioner McAdoo says in his article in the Century for September: "A sullen, discontented, and disorganized army will not win battles, especially against the very powerful and well-organized forces who live to break the law, or live by evading the law, in New York." Let us examine the record of Judge Gaynor and see whether his record has not been such as to make the police force sullen, discontented, and disorganized.

Two instances will suffice. One was the case of the police against a man charged with dealing in vice; the other was the case of the police against a boy arrested for violence.

A man by the name of Drum was charged with keeping a disorderly house. The evidence against him was the testimony of two policemen. One of these witnesses declared that Drum told the policeman to register as "John Wise; nobody will be the wiser," thus acknowledging that he knew he was doing an illegal act. The man was convicted in the Court of Special Sessions, and appealed to the Supreme Court. Judge Gaynor reversed the decision by accepting the man s statements and discrediting the straightforward testimony of the policeman by declaring it to be "inherently improbable." This decision, or rather this dictum, has made it much more difficult than before to convict dive-keepers on the testimony of the police. It has put the police at a disadvantage with one class of the lawless, and has made them, the people's guardians, suspected persons in every magistrate's court.

The other instance was the Duffy case. It is recent in the minds of New York citizens. Judge Gaynor wrote a letter to Commissioner Bingham, head of the New York Police Department, asking him to have removed from the possession of the police the photograph and record of a young man named Duffy, who, while he had been arrested several times, had not been convicted of any crime. Commis-

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sioner Bingham did not consider it wise or safe, in view of the information given him by his subordinates in regard to the young man's history, to comply with the request without personal assurances from Judge Gaynor concerning the young man's character. These assurances Judge Gaynor declined to give; he thereupon submitted the matter to the Mayor, accused Commissioner Bingham of "scoundrelism," and, at least by intimation, called for the Commissioner's removal. As a result of Judge Gaynor's interference, Commissioner Bingham, whose administration of the Police Department had been efficient and honest, was dismissed without a hearing; his chief subordinates, who had worked conscientiously for the good of the city, were either removed or punished by reduction in rank, the whole force was practically served with a notice that a policeman's word was not respected and that his principal duty was to regard the wishes of politicians, not to suppress lawlessness; and the progress of the police as an efficient arm of the law was turned backward.

This is the record of the Tammany candidate for Mayor. At best it is the record of a sentimentalist who can be used as a tool of the vicious and the disorderly by designing politicians. The police issue in New York is a clear one. If the people of New York want the lawless to be master, they will elect William J. Gaynor as Mayor; if they want their guardians to be in control, they will choose Otto T. Bannard, the very opposite of Judge Gaynor in temperament, record, and political methods.

HOW MUCH AND HOW LITTLE

The reader of the history of Arthur Pendennis would despise that interesting young worldling before he was half-way through the story if Pen did not so often despise himself. It is the conflict between his generous nature, which scorns meanness, and his moral immaturity and confusion of mind that keeps him from going to the moral rubbish-heap; and it is the vein of genuine affection in that veteran worldling Major Pendennis that holds us back from jeering at his painted boots and wig. There is a touch of gold in the base metal, and we patiently wait while the artist, who knew the uses of the alloy as well as the gold, separates the shining metal from the lusterless mass. While the fight between generosity and meanness in a man is going on we look on with something deeper than a spectator's interest; it is not until the man throws up his hands and lets himself sink in the slough that we turn away with disgust.

The saving quality in the society of to-day is its lurking suspicion that there is something wrong in its organization, the deep-going skepticism of ultimate value that sleeps in its most striking achievements. It is like a man who has spent a lifetime in a breathless race for fortune, and finds at the end that the goal has lost the luster that lured him on and is a dull stone set in a desert. Society has worked prodigiously, and its toil has gained a certain dignity from its very magnitude; but when the working day comes to an end, as it does from time to time, and the engines slow down, and society sits down under the glory of the sunset sky and thinks, a deadly sense of weariness, a kind of nausea of things, comes over men. It is an insult to a young man whose soul is stirring in him and to whom great aims are calling from the ends of the earth to offer him a fortune and tell him to go off and be happy! A fortune is the last thing he really wants; what his spirit cries out for is a chance, not to save but to spend, not to gain but to give. His muscles are eager for exertion, his nerves tingle with unexpended force, idealism lays its noble claim upon him; and he is offered ease, comfort, a dinner at the club, a padded chair before the fire! It is very like trying to comfort with a good dinner a man over whom a terrible calamity has swept.

Men have done wonderful things with their brains and hands; they have put the magicians of old romance to shame; but have they done well? Have they solved the problem of living, or filled their souls with gladness? Are they singing at their work? Have they found the joy of the artist, or are they bearing the pain of the artisan? Have their concentration of energy, their indomitable courage in overcoming difficulties, and their almost magical skill brought them happiness? He is

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a short-sighted fanatic or a shallow sentimentalist who undervalues what has been done to give men a deeper insight into the secret of natural forces and a more perfect control over them. The capitalization of society is the endowment of civilization; but it is an endowment; it is not civilization; it may be perverted to the uses of paganism or even of barbarism; and the newspapers are full of reports of such perversions. A large part of society is pagan in its tastes, its aims, its occupations; a large part is barbaric. It rejoices in its beads and paint; it loves noise and speed; it is indifferent to the comfort and safety of others; it has no pity in its heart or generosity in its hand; it rejoices in luxury and substitutes profusion for elegance; it flaunts its prosperity instead of wearing it modestly; its pleasures lie in sensation, not in impression; it is callous, coarse, brutalized by prosperity; it is the slave of its servant.

Has society done well? It has developed astonishing commercial sagacity; has it developed mental vision and spiritual insight? It has put enormous energy and genius into the making of machines; what has it put into itself? It counts its captains of industry by the thousand; how many prophets has it inspired? It has piled materials so high about it that they seem to reach the sky; does it know anything more about the stars than its ancestors knew? It has made an army of millionaires; but how few are its poets! It has covered the earth with great buildings; how much does it care for truth in structure and beauty in line? It lavishes money on houses; how many of them are homes? It has piled up a vast fortune; how much wealth has it that can be carried on its journey into the next stage of life? It has gathered a multitude of things to take care of; how many things does it own?

These are questions which will not sleep, doubts which will not stay outside the warmed and lighted room; this is the care that sits by the fireside when society strives to take its ease. In its moments of victory over distance and metal and the stubborn earth it hears a voice which cannot be silenced saying, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator felt like a prophet. He looked into the future. Not, however, with the inward eye, but with the eye physical. His vision was not subjective, for he looked at an objective and material token of what is to come. He saw a flying-machine fly. He saw Wilbur Wright's aeroplane glide along the monorail, tilt its wings, spurn the ground, and lift its twelve hundred pounds into the intangible air. Mr. Balfour has told of the feeling of exhilaration he has when he sees a well-driven golf-ball soar away from the tee. But that feeling of exhilaration is multiplied many times when one sees, not a tiny golf-ball, but a living man and a great, mysterious air-craft, rise and rapidly lessen in the distance. Instantly the Spectator's imagination took flight also. As he watched the bird-craft wing its valiant way over the tree-tops and buildings of Governor's Island he saw a true token of what the coming years are to bring. He saw more perfect machines bearing passengers swiftly out from city walls into the open country. He saw, not only sportsmen engaged in a fascinating recreation, but men and women, as a matter of course, faring far over towns and fields and rivers, hither and thither, regardless of made roads and beaten paths. He saw the armies of the world laying down their arms and great battle-ships going out of commission, and he saw the divine gift of universal peace borne to the world out of the blue ether by this little craft of human make.

The Spectator was invited to Governor's Island by a friend, and, with three or four others, on landing from the Government boat, walked down the trim, stone-paved street, past the officers' houses, to the south side, where the made ground lies a great brown field. Here were the two sheds housing the Curtiss and the Wright aeroplanes. A line of several thousand spectators stood at the edge of the field, and brown-clad soldiers with muskets paced back and forth in front. But the Spectator and his friends passed through the line and out into the field, and spent an hour in the Wright shed with Wilbur Wright and "Charlie," his me-

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chanic, who chatted with them about the machine. The aeroplane did not seem so very mysterious, after all—a light framework of wood and canvas, the latter somewhat mildewed, a perfectly simple gasoline engine, and two wooden "paddle-wheels" at the stern, which seemed totally inadequate to the task of propelling a vehicle which took up so much space. Mr. Wright and "Charlie" tinkered about it in a desultory sort of way, now pouring gasoline into the tank, now testing a lever, and frequently sauntering outside and cocking an eye at the weather. Thousands of people stood expectant at the edge of the field, several large yachts and steamboats waited in the river near by, and millions of people were keeping an eye out for the signal flags on Manhattan Island, but Mr. Wright stood idly chatting with us, apparently oblivious to the fact that thousands of useful hours of the busy American public were being wasted.

Finally the shed doors were opened, the aeroplane was wheeled out across the field, and Mr. Wright, the Spectator's host, and the little group marched alongside. Another hour of somewhat irritating delay followed. The air was clear and the wind was blowing about twelve miles an hour. The squad of soldiers which had wheeled out the machine moved the monorail so that it faced the wind, and then, when it seemed to us that the great moment had at last arrived, Brother Wilbur put his hands in his pockets and trudged slowly back to the shed to exchange his derby hat for a cap. The sun sank lower. Would he never start? When he returned, he inquired of the officer:

"Don't the men want to get their supper?"

A consultation among the soldiers followed. Evidently they were willing to waive the supper in favor of seeing the flight. But Wright considered the supper of more importance, and sent them off.

"Well, Charlie, let's see how she goes," he remarked.

He and the mechanic each grasped one of the blades of the two propellers.

"One, two, three!" said Wright, and both gave a mighty pull.

"Chug-ziz-ziz!" quoth the engine, then relapsed into silence.

"One, two, three!"

"Zip-sizz-s-ss!"

"One, two, three!"

This time the propellers began to spin. There was no muffler to the engine, and it exploded with the noise of a motor-cycle. Wright passed around to the front and climbed into his seat. His head struck the throttle and closed it. The engine stopped. He smiled.

"Same old trick, Charlie," he commented, and the wrestling match at the propellers was repeated. The Spectator thought of similar wrestling matches he had had at the crank of his motor car on many a cold morning, and sympathized. After several attempts the engine responded, and the propellers began to whiz and become invisible. Wright took his seat, threw in the clutch, and the aeroplane began to glide down the rail. Faster and faster it went. Suddenly Wright tipped up the planes, and the craft lurched up into the air, sagged downward, struggled up again, rose slowly upward, and was off. A sudden excitement and ecstasy caught the Spectator. The machine a moment before had seemed a curious but perfectly commonplace structure. In an instant it was transformed into a thing of wonder. It was different from anything else in the world. A simple framework of wood and canvas with a perfectly familiar little gas engine had become a miracle!

Suddenly all the yachts, steamers, and ferry-boats hovering near went crazy, and the air was filled with the din of whistles. The distant crowd seemed to quiver with motion, and the rays of the setting sun lighted up a giant June bug skimming around the field just above the distant tree-tops and houses. The little group watched it silently as it made the circle of the island twice. Time stood still. No one thought of anything to say. Presently the aeroplane turned in toward the center of the field, sloped gently downward, and came to earth so close to the Spectator that when its master alighted the Spectator stepped forward, shook hands with Mr. Wright, and made the commonplace inquiry, "Good fun, wasn't it?"

Mr. Wright smilingly replied, "Yes, pretty good," put his hands in his pock-

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ets, and started off for supper. So this was all! How perfectly simple! After the first gasp, as the aeroplane took flight, there was nothing spectacular or theatrical in the episode. The bird-man did not act the hero in the least. He did not bow and strut and kiss his hands to the spectators, as circus performers do after a trapeze act. He was just a commonplace American mechanic who put his hands in his pockets and went off to supper.

The sun was going down, the river craft were slipping away, and the crowd was hurrying for the ferry back to town. The Spectator came back to earth. He felt that he had traveled far and experienced much. He was tired. He exchanged a few words with the others in the little group, and felt sorry that he had done so, for the words were unsatisfying.

New York's towers loomed gigantic and myriad-windowed as the ferry-boat approached, the waters reflected the lights from the office buildings, the sky seemed strangely empty. How soon would it sparkle with the electric searchlights of countless air-craft darting about above the river waters, the bridges, and the towers? Unborn yet, they waited their day. One lonely, imperfect little forerunner of mighty fleets-to-be was creeping into its shed—a first child of genius, longing for companions. To-day it is more than a Lusitania, to-morrow it will be less than a Clermont. Wilbur Wright has indeed flown—flown higher and farther than his aeroplane ever has carried or ever will carry him.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LOWELL

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

WHEN Cambridge (first called Newtowne) was hardly more than an idea planted in a wilderness, there was no need of a Harvard fence. Now, however, when the Boston trolley cars, still bearing with them the echoes of the subway, come clattering and clanging into Harvard Square, the strong curving brick wall that keeps the President's house in just visible retirement seems to breathe out upon the stranger as he approaches the University the spirit of academic repose. Farther on, the wrought-iron fence which joins that wall, and which is broken by stately gateways of brick, at once secures seclusion to the college Yard and sheds the effect of that seclusion upon the Yard's noisy environment.

The street along which Boston arrives at Harvard divides the college proper from the college improper. On the right is the Yard, the nucleus from which the University has developed; to the left lies the Gold Coast, the abode of the undergraduate rich, the territory of clubdom, the center toward which the undergraduate body, when not distracted by college duties or drawn away by athletic games, naturally gravitates. Undergraduate inclinations, however, are not everything. The outside world, the alumni, and the University authorities agree that the Yard is the center of Harvard. So it was in the Yard and not on Mount Auburn Street that were held on Wednesday, October 6, the ceremonies at the inauguration of Abbott Lawrence Lowell.

A full half-hour before the time for the ceremonies to begin holders of tickets of admission to the Yard discovered that they were late comers. As they emerged through the space between Weld and University Hall, the administration building, into the quadrangle that is bounded by the older buildings, they found that usually placid space transformed. Fully half of it—the middle half—was occupied by a crowd to be numbered in thousands. To the right, along the front of University Hall, extended a high stand large enough to accommodate hundreds of men. From long white poles extending aloft from the sides of this stand swayed great crimson

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banners, and over it hung as a guardian a huge American flag. Underneath the flag a simple and not unsightly sounding-board extended from the wall of the building. For one day, at least, the dean's office, that grim source of unpleasant summonses to the delinquent student, was effectually blocked. Why the undergraduates were not out in force to view that happy sight I cannot imagine. To see anything else no one seemed to have any chance except those who by foresight and good fortune had secured seats well forward in the middle of the throng.

Promptly on the hour there could be heard above the rustle and murmur of the crowd the notes of a military band. From across the Yard, somewhere near Holden Chapel, the little symbol and relic of the fathers' faith, there began the movement of a procession. As it passed through the lane kept open in the crowd there could be seen above the shoulders of the people here and there a dash of color. The old brick buildings, Massachusetts and Harvard, Hollis, Stoughton, and Holworthy, reminders of the early severity, formed a well-proportioned setting to the scene. Soon the head of the procession reached the stand. Crimson, blue, purple, green, white, scarlet—the colors of the academic hoods and gowns flooded the steps, the open platform, and the seats. When the Sheriff of Middlesex County, following the tradition of the College on all high academic occasions, had called the assemblage to order, there was a sound of trumpets and trombones; then the voices of the Alumni Chorus were heard. It was the "Laudate Dominum," by Frederick S. Converse, an alumnus of the class of 1893, who has already won a distinguished place among American composers by his mastery of the technique of his art. This composition, written for the dedication of the Medical School buildings, ought to have a permanent place in the festival music of Harvard. It has spontaneity, melodic beauty, and dignity. The prayer which followed was, for the great majority of the audience, equivalent to a few moments of silent devotion. In accordance with a custom as old as the presidential office at Harvard, a senior in the College delivered an oration in Latin. Mr. Struthers, the orator, succeeded in the elementary duty of an orator—he made himself heard; and, what is more, on the mention of flying-machines and the discovery of the North Pole made his hearers laugh and applaud. Then the President of the Board of Overseers, the Hon. John D. Long, inducted Mr. Lowell into the office of President, and delivered into his keeping the charter, which had been borne to the place by the Librarian; the seal, which had been borne thither by the Secretary of the Corporation; and the keys, which had been borne thither by the Bursar. Then, when the chorus had finished with fine vigor the singing of the traditional "Domine Salvum Fac Præsidem Nostrum" (to Gounod's music), President Lowell delivered his inaugural address.

At least one auditor who stood on the outskirts of the crowd under an elm not many feet from his old haunt in Hollis could hear every word that Mr. Lowell uttered. The figure of the new President, lithe, youthful in appearance, engaging, reinforced in earnest action the verbal message. There must have been many among the delegates of other institutions who did not understand how momentous that very simply phrased message was to Harvard. For forty years the University has been under the leadership of a man who has not known how to stand still. Was Mr. Eliot's successor going to advocate a pause, a period of rest, or was he going to commit himself to a policy of future growth? Those who knew Mr. Lowell could not have questioned the answer, but to the friends of the University at large it was the gratification of a hope confirmed.

In brief, Mr. Lowell's message was this: The American college exists to develop man's powers as a social being. In the earlier days the college, then small and compact, enabled the students to measure themselves by one another in their common occupations. Meantime the field of knowledge had been broadening, as President Eliot pointed out, so that no one man could compass it all. New methods, particularly the elective system, were developed to cover this broadening field, and, in consequence, brought to individual students intellectual isolation. The exaggerated prominence of athletic

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sports to-day is due to the fact that they offer now to students the only practicable common bond of interest. What shall we do to secure intellectual solidarity in the college? Devote the college to vocational study? Then why not abolish the college and substitute the professional school? No, the college has a duty; that of giving freedom of thought, breadth of outlook, and training for citizenship. It will die only by committing suicide. The college must therefore equip the individual student, it must bear a sound relation to the professional school, and it must adjust the students to one another. The college ought to enable the student to master one subject, thus giving him accuracy of thought, and it ought to enable him to become acquainted with the methods in many subjects, so that no department of thought will be a sealed book to him. Then the college ought to be so ordered that the graduate can take up either such a professional study as the law, which mainly requires scholarly aptitude, or such a professional study as that of medicine, which requires a rudimentary knowledge of some specific subjects. Finally, the college should give the students a means of intellectual contact with one another, so that they may stand on common ground as truly in matters of the mind as they do now in matters of athletics. To these ends the college should have general courses conducted by leading men of the departments, assisted by well-equipped younger men to give individual instruction and examination; it should mix the students together, so that they may make their friendships according to natural affinities and not according to wealth or origin; and particularly, for the sake in part of recruiting students at an earlier age, it should group the freshmen together under the comradeship of older men, and thus at once make the transition to the college easier and bridge the chasm that now separates the students (who believe that college means pleasure) from the instructors (who believe that college means study). "It is said," declared Mr. Lowell in conclusion, "that if the temperature of the ocean were raised the water would expand until the floods covered the dry land; and if we can increase the intellectual ambition of college students the whole face of our country will be changed. When the young men shall see visions, the dreams of old men will come true."

After the conclusion of the inaugural address and the singing of Schubert's "Great is Jehovah" by the Alumni Chorus, honorary degrees were conferred on thirty scholars, delegates from institutions in various parts of the world. Here came one "from John Harvard's College, and from the ancient university whose sons bore the sacred fire of learning to a new England;" here came one "from Yale, our next of kin among American universities;" here came one from "Cornell University, a pioneer among colleges;" here one from the "University of Chicago, which escaped the pains and perils of youth, and was born, fully equipped, into the fellowship of great universities;" and here one from Copenhagen, one from Glasgow, from Virginia, from Liverpool, and, farther still, one from the University of the Cape of Good Hope, yet "not there remote, for, although eight thousand miles away, he has tilled daily the same fields in which his colleagues here have toiled." Mr. Lowell's characterization of each as he rose and received his roll of parchment was a happy continuation of that art of epigram in which his predecessor is a master.

There was another brief interval of silence during the benediction, and then Christ Church bells rang out "Fair Harvard" and all the multitude joined in the song.

This was but the beginning of the series of ceremonies. In the afternoon the delegates gathered in the Yard. Led by "the President of the Alumni Association, the President of the University, the members of the Corporation, the Governor of the Commonwealth, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Commonwealth, the Governor's Military Staff, the Sheriff of Middlesex, the Sheriff of Suffolk, and the Honorable and Reverend the Board of Overseers" (so runs the programme in the ancient form), and followed by hundreds of the alumni, the delegates were escorted to the great commons room of Memorial Hall. There the old paraphrase of the Seventy-eighth Psalm, set to the old tune of "St. Martin's," was sung as it has been sung on every such gather-

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ing of alumni at Harvard for time out of mind. Is there any statelier, sterner, more compelling music ever heard than that? There the recipients of degrees had their turn to speak and to tell Harvard what was happening elsewhere. And Mr. Eliot, now President Emeritus, who presided, gave his welcome to the new President; he characterized him as fulfilling the purpose of the University in training men of scholarship and public spirit; he recalled the fact that the period of transition to which Mr. Lowell had referred had been in continuance for forty years; and he urged that the solidarity of which Mr. Lowell had spoken should not be confined to the University, but should be extended to the whole body of universities. Indeed, if there was one prevailing impression as a result of these ceremonies, it was one of the unity of the Kingdom of the Mind. The company of scholars, like the company of the saints, is one over all the world.

In the evening the undergraduates had their turn. During the ceremonies in the Yard the student body was not conspicuous. One fellow sat comfortably in his dormitory window-seat reading his paper with his back to the scene. Even in the evening there were many dwellers on the Gold Coast who sniffed at the notion of turning out with torches, and affected indifference. The undergraduate does not like to take himself too seriously; but there is a kind of undergraduate who takes much too seriously his desire not to be taken seriously. With that sort we have nothing just now to do; for there were hundreds of the other sort who transformed the Stadium into a scene of moving light. That vast structure dwarfs the individual, but it seems to bring into relief men in the mass. Along the field within the horseshoe curve of the Stadium a regiment of lights formed and marched; then it gathered before the new President and became transformed into a body of illumined shouting students. Waving torches, they greeted Mr. Lowell with the rolling Harvard cheer. Suddenly there was quiet, and the clear voice of Mr. Lowell was heard asking them not to let him know what they wished, but to let him know what they thought. "What you wish," said he, "is of as little importance as what I wish; but what you think is of very great importance." Especially he asked them to form opinions on what the life of the student should be and to let him know that opinion. Then the cheers broke forth again, fireworks blazed, and the torches swarmed on the great structure and outlined its pillars and balconies and curving outlines.

The next day every delegate was presented to President Lowell in Sanders Theater. The audience greeted each with applause, but broke into cheers for the soldier and the woman. The superintendents of the Military and Naval Academies and the President of Holyoke College seemed to call forth the patriotism and the chivalry of the scholar.

Now the succession of ceremonies, luncheons, receptions, dinners, teas, is at an end. Once more the Yard has subsided to its secondary position; once more the Gold Coast has become the center of college activity. Those, however, who heard President Lowell's address imagine that the days of the barrier between the college as it is and the college as it should be is numbered. At any rate, Mr. Lowell is to be a College President as well as President of a University. Whoever else may deplore that fact, there is one great body of men who will approve. These are the men who know best how to express their approval with a "three times three and nine long Harvards."

E. H. A.

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ARCTIC WORK AND ARCTIC FOOD

BY GEORGE KENNAN

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

Probably before this issue of The Outlook gets to most of its readers, Commander Peary's full statement, giving his reasons for doubting Dr. Cook's claim to have reached the North Pole, will be made public. The Outlook has already indicated its belief that the general public should not be hasty in coming to a conclusion in this matter, and that it should not reach a final opinion as to the conflicting claims until Mr. Peary's charges have been carefully considered, until Dr. Cook's reply has been made, and until also his records and observations have passed through the scrutiny of some recognized scientific authority. It is, however, in the meantime perfectly proper to comment upon actual statements already made by either of the explorers. As will be seen, the following article deals directly with statements already made over Dr. Cook's name. Mr. Kennan, as we have before stated, has had personal experience in Arctic travel, and has had to deal with this question of subsistence for men and dogs in his own work. He attempts here to test Dr. Cook's claims by scientific methods. We may further indicate his purpose by quoting from a personal letter accompanying the article: "Many millions of people in America seem to think that the really important feature of this North Pole row is Peary's losing his temper and saying unpleasant things about his rival. It doesn't strike me so at all. His personal behavior, historically and in its bearing upon society at large, is a matter of no consequence whatever. But such is not the case with Cook's claim to priority in the discovery of the Pole. His truthfulness or untruthfulness is a question of great historical importance, and his attempt to deceive the world—if he has made such an attempt—will be followed by all sorts of deplorable consequences."—THE EDITORS.

"The key to frigid endeavor is subsistence. . . . If the animal fires are supplied with adequate fuel, there is no cold too severe and no obstacle too great to surmount. No important expedition has ever returned because of unscalable barriers or impossible weather. The exhausted food supply, resulting from a limited means of transportation, has turned every aspirant from his goal."—*Dr. Cook's speech at the dinner of the Arctic Club in New York, September 23, 1909.*

IN the words above quoted Dr. Cook, consciously or unconsciously, has suggested a test that may be applied to any doubtful or disputed record of Arctic achievement, and may be used as a means of determining whether a certain journey, under certain described conditions, was ever really made or not. If an explorer comes back from the Antarctic and reports that he has made a sledge journey of one hundred and twenty days, in the course of which he has reached a point distant only ninety-seven miles from the South Pole, we may properly apply the test by asking him, "What was your total food supply for your sledge party, and what were your means of transportation?" The experience of more than two centuries has shown us what weights can be carried on sledges over polar ice, and what quantity of food is needed to sustain the human body under polar conditions. If, therefore, the returned explorer tells us that he put on his sledges loads that none of his predecessors had ever been able to carry, or that he maintained health and bodily efficiency on a quantity of food that experience has shown to be wholly inadequate, we are fully justified in regarding his story with distrust, and we may have reason to dismiss it altogether as absolutely incredible.

In The Outlook of October 2 I called attention to the bearing of Dr. Cook's food supply upon the duration of his sledge journey, and expressed the opinion that no Arctic explorer could possibly travel 1,140 geographical miles over polar ice, and be absent twelve weeks from his base of supplies, with only the dog food and provisions that he could carry on two sledges. At the time when I made that criticism Dr. Cook had given to the world no other account of his polar dash than that contained in his first telegram from the Shetland Islands. From that account it appeared that he went north merely for a "summer cruise;" that his "venture

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for the Pole" was a second thought, suggested by the "favorable conditions" which he found; and that his supply of food for a sledge journey over the polar ice-pack was only that provided by himself "for emergencies," or "liberally supplied by the yacht Bradley" from her steward's storerooms and pantries.[1] In the light of this account of his equipment, I naturally supposed that he had no food specially prepared for Arctic winter conditions, and that when he made his unpremeditated polar dash he carried, as food for his dogs, only the flesh of the musk-oxen that he killed along Nansen Sound. Since that time, however, Dr. Cook has published an amended and amplified story, from which it appears that he intended, when he left New York, to make a "venture for the Pole," and that his equipment for his unrevealed purpose was so complete that "the expenditure of a million dollars would not have given us a greater advantage."[2]

In the fifth installment of his revised and amplified narrative[3] Dr. Cook says:

> The little train, therefore, which followed me into the further mystery, was composed of two sledges, each carrying six hundred pounds, drawn by thirteen dogs under the lash of an expert driver. The combined freight was as follows:

	lbs.
Pemmican	800
Musk-ox tenderloin	50
Todnu	25
Tea	2
Coffee	1
Sugar	25
Condensed milk	40
Milk biscuit	60
Pea soup, powdered and compressed	10
Sundries	5
Total	1,018

This amount of food, Dr. Cook says, was calculated to supply "all our needs for a stay of eighty days," but he evidently does not mean all the needs of three men and twenty-six dogs for eighty days, because on that basis it works out just seven ounces a day per capita. The idea which he intends to convey probably is that ten hundred and eighteen pounds of food may be made to last eighty days if the men are put on what Dr. Playfair calls a "bare existence diet"[1] and the dogs are starved until more than half of them die from exhaustion.

But there may be grave doubt as to the possibility of making ten hundred and eighteen pounds of food last three men and half their dogs eighty days, even on a starvation basis, and it is therefore necessary to subject Dr. Cook's statements to critical examination in the light of previous Arctic records.

A glance at his provision list is sufficient to show that the whole question turns on the time that the pemmican can be made to last, because the ration of the men is composed mainly, and the ration for the dogs wholly, of that food substance. The problem presented may be stated as follows:

For how long a time will eight hundred pounds of pemmican keep three men and their dogs in working condition, provided sixteen of the twenty-six dogs die, at irregular intervals, of starvation, leaving ten to be fed throughout? Fortunately, we do not have to guess at the quantity allowed the men and dogs per day. In an interview with the apparently dispassionate correspondent of the London Times in Copenhagen, Dr. Cook said: "Ten dogs returned; fourteen were consumed by their more fortunate companions on the way to the Pole, and two on the way back. The only food taken was pemmican, of which each man and dog received one pound daily. There was no game beyond Heiberg Island."[2] The statement with regard to the ration of pemmican Dr. Cook repeated in the sixth installment of his amplified narrative, and again in his recent lecture in Boston.

Given the whole amount of pemmican carried, the daily rate of consumption, and the number of dogs starved to death, the length of time that the food will last

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[1] All words quoted are from Dr. Cook's Shetland Islands telegram.

[2] Dr. Cook's speech at the Arctic Club dinner in New York, September 23; New York Evening Post, September 24, 1909.

[3] I quote from the Halifax Chronicle, which publishes Dr. Cook's story by arrangement with the New York Herald.

[1] Dr. Playfair's "bare existence diet" consists of a daily allowance of food weighing fifteen and one-half ounces. But "a person living on this diet," he says, "can undertake no habitual toil, mental or bodily, under the penalty of breaking down. A reduction below 'bare existence diet' during the famine in Madras, in 1877, was attended by disastrous results." (Lecture before the Royal Institution on "The Food of Man in Relation to his Useful Work;" quoted in Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. VII, p. 211.

[2] London Times, September 10, 1909.

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becomes a simple matter of arithmetic. It figures out as follows:

Cr.	
March 21—Amount of pemmican at start	800 lbs.
Dr.	
March 31—Pemmican eaten by 3 men and 26 dogs in first 10 days at 1 lb. each per day	290 lbs.
(8 dogs died.)	
April 10—Pemmican eaten by 3 men and 18 dogs in next 10 days, at 1 lb. each per day	210 lbs.
(6 more dogs died.)	
April 21—Pemmican eaten by 3 men and 12 dogs in next 11 days at 1 lb. each per day	165 lbs.
(Pole reached, with 135 lbs. pemmican left. Two more dogs died.)	
May 2—Pemmican eaten by 3 men and 10 dogs in next 11 days at 1 lb. each per day	135 lbs.
Total pemmican eaten in 42 days	800 lbs.

It thus appears that if Dr. Cook allowed his men and dogs a pound of pemmican a day per capita, the eight hundred pounds that he carried lasted his party forty-two days. But he says he had food for eighty days, and his narrative shows that he was absent from his base of supplies, and traveling fifteen miles a day over circumpolar ice, for eighty-four days.[1] His pemmican, therefore, lasted only half the time that he spent in the field. Where did he get the food for three men and ten dogs from May 2 to June 13—forty-two more days? There were only three possible sources of supply: viz., (1) game killed; (2) carcasses of dogs starved to death; and (3) pemmican saved by cutting down the one-pound daily ration. The game may be eliminated without discussion, because Dr. Cook told the London Times correspondent in Copenhagen that he saw no game after leaving Heiberg Island, and because it appears from his narrative that the first animals encountered were the polar bears killed "far down in Crown Prince Gustav Sea," eighty-four days after his departure from the land. The second source of food supply, viz., the carcasses of the sixteen dogs starved to death, was really available, but it would have carried the party through only a few of the forty-two foodless days. The average Eskimo dog, when in normal and well-fed condition, weighs about sixty pounds. If we accept the results of Chossat's experiments, we must assume that a dog does not die of starvation until he has used up six-tenths of his body tissue. On this basis, Dr. Cook's dogs, when they died of starvation, weighed about twenty-four pounds each. The skeleton, of course, made up a large part of this weight, and the rest consisted of skin, viscera, and muscles, wholly deprived of fat and saturated with fatigue toxins. It is doubtful whether such a carcass would have a nourishment value equal to even five pounds of good pemmican. Lieutenant Schwatka, who was one of the best of American sledgers, lost twenty-seven dogs by starvation on his great sledge journey of 2,819 geographical miles to King William Land, and said, with reference to their value as food: "I have read suggestions that dogs should be utilized for sledge journeys, because when they perish from starvation they can be used for food. I don't think that all we lost in that way (twenty-seven) would furnish sufficient nutriment to supply an ordinary sledge party with a single meal. They seemed, absolutely, to be reduced to skin and bone."[1]

If we accept Lieutenant Schwatka's expert judgment, we cannot possibly give Dr. Cook's sixteen starved dogs a greater food value than that which would be equivalent to five pounds of pemmican each, or eighty pounds for the whole sixteen. But eighty pounds of pemmican, at one pound a day per capita, would last Dr. Cook's three men and ten surviving dogs only about six days—and they had forty-two more days to go. Even if Dr. Cook cut the per capita daily allowance of dog flesh down to the equivalent of eight ounces of pemmican, his men and dogs would have only enough for twelve of the remaining forty-two days. It seems evident, there-

[1] Heiberg Island to the Pole ..... 31 days
At the Pole ..... 2 "
From the Pole back to lat. 84° ..... 31 "
From lat. 84° to Crown Prince Gustav Sea 20 "
Total ..... 84 days

[1] New York Herald, March 18, 1881.

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fore, that, so far as the second source of food supply is concerned, it would not have kept Dr. Cook's party from starving to death long before the "bears came along as life-savers" in Crown Prince Gustav Sea.

There remains only the third possible source of food supply, viz., pemmican saved by cutting down the one-pound daily ration. But how much would Dr. Cook have had to cut his ration, from the very beginning, in order to save enough for the whole journey, or, in other words, to make eight hundred pounds of pemmican last his men and surviving dogs eighty-four days? This, again, is a simple question of arithmetic. I have already shown that eight hundred pounds of pemmican, consumed at the rate of a pound a day per capita, would have lasted Dr. Cook's men and surviving dogs just forty-two days. In order to make it last twice that length of time, he would have had to reduce his daily ration by one-half, and give his men and dogs only eight ounces a day per capita, and this while they were doing hard work on circumpolar ice in temperatures that ranged from forty to sixty degrees below zero. The mere statement of this assumption is enough to show its utter untenability. No man and no dog has ever lived and worked for twelve weeks, under polar conditions, on eight ounces of pemmican, or its equivalent, per day. It never has been done, and, if we may believe the physiologists, it never can be done, for the reason that eight ounces of food will not replace the used-up tissue and maintain the body temperature of a man or dog if either is forced to do hard and long-continued work in Arctic cold. Take, first, the case of the men. No Arctic explorer, I think, has ever tried to live and work out of doors in winter cold and for a long period on less than thirty-two ounces of the most nourishing food per day. Shackleton's standard ration was 32 ounces; Dr. Rae's, 33.8 ounces; Schwatka's, 35 ounces; McClintock's, 40 ounces; Mecham's, 40 ounces; and Peary's, 40 ounces. Dr. Cook's full ration at the outset was only 29.8 ounces, viz., 16 ounces of pemmican and 13.8 ounces of other food. If he cut the pemmican constituent of this ration in half, as he would have had to do in order to make his eight hundred pounds last eighty-four days, his daily allowance would have been 21.8 ounces, or about half the amount regarded as necessary by such explorers as McClintock, Mecham, and Peary. If I may be permitted to refer to my own three years' sledging experience in the desolate region lying between the Arctic Ocean and the Okhotsk Sea, I will add that my men never lived upon so small a quantity of food as that contained even in Dr. Cook's full ration, and that if I had been ordered to go to Wrangell Land, in the Arctic Ocean off the Siberian coast, with two men, two sledges, twenty-six dogs, and a daily per capita allowance of eight ounces of pemmican, I should have expected to perish on the ice in less than thirty days.

Dr. Cook seems to have been well aware that even his full ration was insufficient to supply the needs of the body, because in the sixth installment of his amplified narrative he says that at the very beginning of his sledge journey "there was a short allowance of food and fuel. One pound of pemmican per day for the dogs, about the same for the men, with just a taste of other things. . . . We filled up *insufficiently* on two cold meals, and *used superfluous body tissue.*" (The italics are mine.—G. K.) If there is any other case on record in which an Arctic explorer began an eighty-day sledging trip by living on his body tissue for lack of sufficient food, it has not come to my knowledge. But if the one-pound ration of pemmican was insufficient, as Dr. Cook admits that it was, what shall be said of the eight-ounce ration to which he was inevitably reduced, if he made his pemmican last eighty-four days?

Arctic explorers, it is true, have sometimes lived, for short periods, upon even less than eight ounces of pemmican and "a taste of other things" per day; but never, in any part of the Far North, has a party of men done hard work in low temperatures for twelve consecutive weeks on so restricted a ration. De Long and his men, in the Lena Delta, were reduced, before they died, to a ration of four and three-fifths ounces of pemmican, and later to a daily per capita allowance of eight ounces of dog-flesh; but they

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knew very well that they were slowly starving to death, and when De Long recorded in his journal, on October 3, 1881, the weight of pemmican consumed per day, he added, "May God incline unto our aid!" [1]

The case as regards Dr. Cook's dogs is equally strong. The Eskimo dog has greater power of endurance, perhaps, than any other animal that lives; but no Arctic sledge party has ever been able to keep its dogs in working condition for two or three months on so small a ration as eight ounces of pemmican per day. Dr. Hayes, in 1861, crossed Smith Sound on the ice at the same time of year that Dr. Cook crossed the circumpolar pack, and with the progenitors of the very same dogs that Dr. Cook used. He never succeeded in getting his dog ration below twenty-eight ounces, although his dog food consisted of desiccated beef mixed with fat, and therefore did not differ essentially from Dr. Cook's pemmican. When, at last, on his return journey, his food supply was so reduced that for twenty-two days he could give his dogs only sixteen ounces a day, four out of fourteen died, and the rest became so weak that upon reaching Cape Hatherton he turned them loose and abandoned his sledges altogether. Only three of these surviving dogs had strength enough left to follow the party to the ship. The ice over which Dr. Hayes traveled was probably harder on the dogs than that traversed by Dr. Cook; but Hayes's dogs, even in their time of greatest privation, had twice as much food as Cook's dogs, and still they broke down so completely in three weeks that they had to be turned loose and abandoned.[1]

If the reasoning upon the facts above set forth is sound, it was not possible for Dr. Cook's party to stay eighty-four days in the field, and to traverse eleven hundred and forty miles of polar ice, with the ten hundred and eighteen pounds of dog food and provisions that they carried on their two sledges. The story of the alleged achievement, therefore, must be dismissed as in the highest degree improbable, if not absolutely incredible and impossible.

Baddeck, Cape Breton Island.

[1] De Long's last records, New York Herald, June 27, 1882.

[1] "The Open Polar Sea," by Dr. I. I. Hayes, pp. 320-371.

TO CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY IN THE FORTRESS OF PETER AND PAUL

BY SOPHIE JEWETT

The liberal summer wind and sky and sea,
For thy sake, narrow like a prison cell
About the wistful hearts that love thee well
And have no power to comfort nor set free.

They dare not ask what these hours mean to thee:
Delays and silences intolerable?
The joy that seemed so near, that soared, and fell,
Become a patient, tragic memory?

From prison, exile, age, thy gray eyes won
Their gladness, Mother, as of youth, and sun,
And love; and though thy hero heart, at length
Tortured past thought, break for thy children's tears,
Thy mortal weariness shall be their strength,
Thy martyred hope their vision through far years.

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CAN AFRICA BE CIVILIZED?

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

This article will be followed by one in which Dr. Rainsford will take up the question "How Can Africa be Civilized?"—THE EDITORS.

AFRICA is the land of failures. We have as yet no knowledge which enables us to do more than guess at the cause of such universal failure. But the sad fact remains. Religious and political influences that have succeeded elsewhere have failed in Africa. If we except the Egyptians and the ancient Carthaginians, no African people have written their name distinctly on any record of olden or modern time. Africa proper has never had a chance. In oldest times, as in most modern, its fate has been to be ravaged by the gold-seeker and the slave-hunter. No nation seems to have cared or thought it worth while so much as to try to bring to its dark millions the blessings of order and settled rule. Religious movements that transformed the rest of the world and gave or preserved to mankind art, literature, civilization, and hope in dark, tempestuous times, if they ever seriously tried to help Africa, failed. They seem, indeed, never to have deeply penetrated the continent, and soon lost foothold even on the coast. In Africa, Christianity may be said to have failed. Its tribes have had no savior, governor, or guide. For ages, so far as we can tell, its teeming millions have stood still.

How was it, in those far-away days when the man was slowly rising from the clod, when first there came to the half-beast savage a dawning sense of law and beauty, that these unguided feet halted or went astray? Did some far forefather throw life's once-offered chance for himself and his offspring away? Why for all other peoples has existence been, on the whole, an advance, while for these gentle, lovable dark men, who are so easily made happy, who up to their lights perform man's duty so well, there has been no progress, no marching forward, but merely an age-long period of "marking time"?

The hopes and longings that in other branches of our race ripened to fruitage have never, so far as we can tell, blossomed for them. Or if they blossomed, the fruit withered in the green.

Why has no influence from within or without drawn them or spurred them upward? What is it that has ever held the black man back? Probably many causes combined to produce this tragedy of arrested development, causes that science is not likely ever fully to know, for the African, as far as we know, has no history and no tradition.

But one cause, and one most important to the student of humanity, we may understand and be guided by. It is the particularly favorable nature of the African environment. In his case, that richness and favorableness are in themselves his greatest hindrance. The opulence of his sunny native land is his undoing. He scratches the ground with wooden hoe, and twice in the year it answers him with abundant harvest. For months in the springtime he can wander where he will. So long as he keeps out of enemies' country he has no need for thought of the morrow. The bees alone can and do feed him, and the honey-bird daily guides him to the luxury he craves. This is on the high table-lands where the thorny mimosas grow on hundreds of square miles of luxuriant green uplands. In the lower country, near the coast-line, life is easier still. The sea is swarming with delicious fish. Bananas grow with little cultivation all the year round. Beans, sugar-cane, cocoanut, and a great variety of vegetables ripen easily. The only shelter he needs is quickly constructed from the sedges of a neighboring river-bank or the long, tough elephant grass. So long as he is left in peace and is safe from the slave-hunter, his is a life of careless ease, of sunshine, and of plenty. If he is a herdsman, as are many of the more inland tribes, existence may be more precarious, but under usual circumstances

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his life could not be accounted a hard one. His goats, sheep, donkeys, camels, and cattle multiply exceedingly, and he pays nothing for their pasturing. Of the East African native, then, it may indeed truly be said that his lines have fallen unto him in pleasant places and that he has a goodly heritage. Yet perhaps that it has been too goodly, too easy, and too luxuriant has been his undoing. It has supplied him with an environment in some respects so favorable that from the very beginning there never has been called forth in him (by the hard insistence of mother nature) those sterner qualities that alone have enabled the conquering races to remain masters of the field in life's long welter of battle. The struggle for existence that has turned half beasts into whole man has been tempered fatally for him, and in consequence some quality of character, some soul-bone or soul-muscle that the fully upstanding man cannot live without he has never developed.

Africa is pre-eminently the black man's country; he is necessary to it, it cannot possibly prosper without him. All its possible advancement depends on his advancement. There he was found, and there he will remain, though every white man perish from the continent. Continental conditions are being made plain, rivers traced to their sources, mountains robbed of their mystery, impenetrable forest regions opened to the light; animals a few years ago unknown to science stand stiffly in our museums, and of all these we know something. Now it is time that human pity and Christian compassion should turn with a fuller, deeper purpose to the study of real Africa, to the study of the man.

A superficial, if sympathetic, study of the interesting group of tribes living on and near the beautiful uplands of northern East Africa was, of course, all that was possible in my case. I moved among them, camped by their firesides, and chatted night after night to them for more than a year during my two journeys through that country. I tested their courage and tried their endurance, and, as a result, I bade them good-by with a sincere regret.

It is easy, very easy, to see what this native lacks. His main idea is to get food. I was often amazed at the amount of half-cooked food my people could consume at a sitting, or series of sittings. In the sefari were a few Kavorondo, and these were champions in this respect. Once, I remember, we were camped in a good game country, and the camp remained stationary for some days. Potio for three days was given out—that is, each man received four and a half pounds of good, well-ground Indian corn-meal. There was at the time a large supply of zebra meat in camp, and each man had at the very least a ten-pound chunk of this venison, of which they are inordinately fond, for his own eating. Next morning David Rebman (the head man) brought round the Kavorondo to my tent door. They said they wanted "dowa." David explained that since eleven o'clock of the day before they had eaten all their three days' potio, and the zebra meat into the bargain—a truly appalling amount. This accounted for their call on the medicine-chest. I asked them why they had been such gluttons. Quite seriously they answered: "Bwana, we had our potio, there are many lions about here, and some of the men are sick. You never can tell when death will come. We would hate to die before we had eaten our potio." I told them they might fast for the next three days. They did not seem at all disquieted at this prospect, but as they went away one of them said quietly that bwana koubwa (the big master) evidently did not know much about eating. If he would but come to Kavorondo land, they would gladly show him how two reasonably competent Kavorondo could eat up a whole sheep at one sitting!

The native has no thought for the morrow, and this is the inevitable consequence of his lack of memory. He learns quickly and as quickly forgets, and human memory is a slow-growing plant. He has no traditions reaching far back into the past. What traces of tradition he has puzzle him as completely as they puzzle you. The reasons for the things he does he cannot give you; he is incapable of measuring time; he never knows his own age; he is an atheist pure and simple, having no idea of God, or the faintest conception whatever of any future life. Even when he has become a declared

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Mohammedan, his new religion has not in the least awakened in him, as yet, any desire for a life beyond. He believes in witches, and dreads, while he consults, the witch doctor. He has no sacred places (if we except the metalliferous cliffs of Elgon, near which the Massai, with probable truth, say that a man cannot stand and live during a storm). He seldom buries his dead, and the hyena is his only undertaker. In the case of a great chief's death, or where a man or woman leaves behind many children, the body may sometimes be buried in a shallow grave, and possibly a goat or sheep is killed above it. Missionaries, I know, have fancied that in this rare ceremony they have discovered some signs of a rudimentary sacrificial idea. But I must confess that the reason which the natives insisted on giving, when I questioned them particularly and repeatedly on this subject, seems to me to be the more likely one. They always said it was to prevent the hyenas from digging for the body underneath.

In their regard for truth there is the widest difference among the tribes of East Africa. The remoter, the wilder, the tribe, the more truthful you will find the tribesman. The Waganda by the lake, who are comparatively well known, and among whom missionaries, both English and French, have labored with great success for many years, have attained to a degree of culture quite unexampled in East or Central Africa. These are sadly acknowledged, even by their missionary guides and teachers, to be both dishonest and untruthful. The Kikuyu are noted liars and thieves. The Massai and the Nandi will deliberately lie to you, though I have noticed that if you know the man to whom you are appealing and ask him directly to tell you the real truth or be silent, he will pluck a blade of grass and hold it for a moment between his fingers; if, after having done so, he repeats his previous statement, it will be the truth. You find a quite extraordinary regard for truth among some of the smaller and unknown tribes. I cannot fancy any man more scrupulously accurate than the N'dorobo, a tribe popularly (and, I feel sure, mistakenly) supposed to be people of a low order of intelligence. The Elgao would proudly declare that no liar could remain in the tribe. They asserted as much also of their neighbors, the Maraquette, with whom they were not always on the best of terms. No scientific man could possibly desire more careful, more accurate, more painstaking witnesses to facts that come within their observation than were these wild men, who had never conversed with any white man but myself and my guide, Mr. A. C. Hoey. Their power of observation was excellent, their statement of the incidents of a quite bloody battle in which they had engaged three years before was, as I happened to be able to prove, wonderfully free of all exaggeration.

How, then, can we account for this remarkable difference in regard for the truth between tribes that have lived near each other for ages? Environment in part accounts for it. These truth-speakers have been independent, they are men of the mountain or of the impenetrable forest, no one has lorded it over them, while the Waganda have been crushed under the ruthless tyranny of their kings, and the Kikuyu have been, till lately, a timid, ill-nourished people, cowering before the onslaughts of the irresistible Massai.

In the case of the Massai and of their cousins the Nandi, though they do not seem to place any value on truth for truth's sake, as do these other peoples, still, in matters that affect tribal possessions, they are truthfulness itself.

You can leave a bunch of cows, sheep, or goats for years in a Massai or Nandi munyata (village) and be quite certain that an accurate tally will be kept and delivered to you of every calf, lamb, or kid born in your absence; the beasts that died or were killed by wild animals and every particular regarding your property will be accurately remembered and accounted for.

I have known of a man of mixed native blood who was driven forth from the Nandi tribe before the Nandi war in 1906 for (as he himself confessed to me) making love to girls he had no right to make love to. He had to escape by night, in order to save his life. Since his enforced flight the war had taken place, and the Nandi had lost by capture one-third of their immense herds. He had not ventured to visit the village for five years, yet he had no slightest doubt that on his

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return a completely accurate accounting would be made with him and he would be told just how many cattle he stood possessed of. Such a standard of truthfulness is remarkable. Few Western American cattle-owners, a few years back, would have dreamed of exacting it or would themselves have adhered to it.

The East African is so far behind his white instructor that the latter's processes of thought are quite beyond his understanding. As I said before, he is an atheist; he has no idea of causation; death itself he makes no effort to explain, unless it be to attribute it to a witch doctor. Witchcraft is not a religion with him, but perhaps it is the nearest thing he knows to religion. The spirits help the witch doctors, the witch doctors set the spirits at their evil work; but back of it all is no idea of Creator or of Supreme Cause producing good or evil. He is content with things as they are. Only when some calamity strikes him does he look about for its cause, and, if it continues, he will probably burn some witch doctor alive. If he believes in nothing else, he believes in witchcraft, and this, his one belief, offers to the missionary a most difficult obstacle. Only as this is eradicated can the native be helped and saved. His belief in witchcraft creates the very thing that he dreads. There are witch doctors whose influence for evil is appalling. Taking advantage of the power that ignorance is too ready to give them, they are often wholesale poisoners. They will force their enemies, or the men whose herds or possessions they covet, to submit to some tribal ordeal, and, since all ordeal arrangements are in their hands, those whom they wish to destroy die by poison or by the infliction of a tribal penalty. Thus their powers increase, as do their possessions, until the day arrives when native patience reaches its limit, and the witch doctor has to have a dose of his own medicine forced upon him; his thatch hut is set on fire at night while spears guard the door, or he or she is pegged down under a raw cowhide, early one morning, on the hard-trodden earth in front of the native village. If the rain promised by his witchcraft comes, the hide will not tighten, and he can escape with life, but if no rain comes, the equatorial sun soon does its work, and the miserable being, male or female, underneath is baked and suffocated to death.[1]

Among some of the tribes, notably the Kikuyu, there can be no doubt that witch doctors are often wholesale poisoners. Among others the verdict delivered by those best informed will be at least one of "non-proven." But the whole subject of witchcraft and its evils is one with which the white man finds it most difficult to acquaint himself.

I have only space to touch thus briefly on some of the most evident of the moral and social shortcomings of the East African native. I do not believe, nor do I think that many who know the native believe, them to be capable of any sudden social, moral, or religious conversion. They must be helped slowly; they are Nature's retarded children, and to hurry them is in the end but to push them backward and downward.

But to deny, on the other hand, their capability for steady progress and development toward better things is to deny the evidence of palpable facts. Even such unsatisfactory opportunities as were afforded me were quite sufficient to convince me that on the score of heedless wastefulness the East African native does not deserve the universal censure poured on him.

I struggled with my men, and, I must admit, struggled in vain, to induce them to save their earnings, which seemed to melt away as soon as we reached Nairobi. I did not expect to be able to accomplish much in the case of the casual porter who was without home or family, but it did disappoint me when I found that often the hard-earned savings of the men I had been intimately associated with, as well as the liberal bakshish I gave them, seemed to go almost as quickly as did the ten rupees a month of the mere burden-bearers of our band. It took me many months of quiet searching and hours of talk and expostulation before I got any light in the matter; but finally I did.

I myself traced again and again the money I had given to the best of my men. It took much cautious perseverance on

[1] Two witches were thus executed by the natives when I was in the Kikuyu country, in the winter of 1908.

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my part to draw out the information I needed, but when I had done so, I found that the money had not really disappeared. It had gone into the impoverished hands (not pockets; no native has a pocket, and no one has thought of opening a savings bank for him) of his multitudinous relatives—old, middle-aged, and young. A poor porter, earning his ten rupees a month, was often quite ready to feed, clothe, and lodge several relations poorer than himself, while the relatives of a man like my Brownie or John or David seemed to me numerous enough to require a Nairobi Social Register to record them, and that register, be it understood, would include a suburban region of several hundred miles! My men were "in funds," the friends and relatives were not! That was enough. When their own time of need should come, those they had helped could be counted on to do for them what they without hesitation were now doing for others. Better far, they argued, give the rupees to those they knew than trust them to some Hindu trader who might run off to India suddenly, or to bury them in the floor of the hut, from whence often they were stolen.

I must touch next on another supposed evidence of the native's hopelessness—his incapacity or unwillingness to undertake and carry through any hard work. On every hand this is the common accusation brought against all natives alike—brought by those who have had little opportunity to study their present condition or have taken no thought of their past unfavorable environment. The charge in many instances is entirely and in many more partially untrue.

Give the East African the work that he is fitted for, be patient with him, be just, and at the same time be firm, and he can do and often has done extraordinarily good work. On the other hand, put him to a work that his ancestry has for ages unfitted him for, put the Massai cattle-herder (if you can catch him!) to hoeing the veldt, or the corn-raising Kikuyu to heavy lumbering or raising railway embankments, and the result will be unsatisfactory in the extreme. Put him under the control of men who cannot speak his language, who take no trouble to understand him, who have little patience, and he will most likely cause no end of trouble and annoyance.

Give the native time and some little chance, and he soon shows aptitudes which are full of promise for his own future and that of the country. See him work when he is accustomed to the work exacted of him. As a burden-bearer he is not a child of yesterday. He has, or some of his people have, carried burdens for generations. In the line of steady, patient, successful burden-bearing under circumstances of extreme difficulty he is probably without a rival on the globe. He will travel farther and faster, he will endure greater hardships, and more successfully resist disease, eat more frugally, and cost less than any other human burden-bearer on earth. Carrying sixty to ninety pounds a man, from fifteen to twenty-five miles a day, through poisonous, thorny thickets or malarial swamps, over lava-strewn stretches, under tropical sun, from early morning till late evening for several thousand miles, I have seen him march; a cupful of coarse meal or gritty rice and beans his daily ration. And he does it all right cheerfully, too, starting with a song in the morning, and tramping into camp to the wild notes of his reed or horn whistle in the evening. Six shillings a month and finding his own rations is his pay in Uganda. In British Central Africa things are dearer, so he gets his potio and ten rupees a month.

So much for the African porter. The longer I knew him, the more I liked and honored him. He is far indeed from being a hopelessly "lazy savage." I learned to respect him as a man who sets himself to earn the money he is paid, who gives what he promises to give, and gives it, on the whole, ungrudgingly. But I grew to wonder increasingly at the pent-up stores of energy within him. My porters recuperated quickly, even when they were very severely exhausted at the close of a long and possibly waterless march. No white man's head or shoulders could possibly have endured the strain laid on theirs. They would lie down for a few moments—and a few moments seemed enough—then, without orders, in the vast majority of cases, the remaining work was undertaken, and that work was considerable. Much tent-pitching (a hard

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and difficult task); large piles of wood to be cut, with worse than indifferent axes and pangas (native knives); a platform of logs and scrub to be laid for the loads so as to keep them above the damp ground—and, be it remembered, there is no such thing as *soft* wood in Africa, for the softest wood there is much tougher than our oak. When cut, too, the wood had often to be carried for a distance of more than a mile. Then there are bomas of thorn scrub for the mules and donkeys. And, lastly, the work to be done for themselves—tent-pitching, wood-gathering, and cooking. The day had begun at 4:30 A.M., the big meal of the day would not be over till seven at night, and surely the sefari has done enough to use up its energy. But no, far from it; in the center of the camp burns the bwana's fire, where the askari stand on guard in a wide horseshoe curve around it; the porters' fires are lit, and little yellow spires of flame rise with scarcely a waver heavenward in the windless, blue-black African night. All now is jollity, chatter, and song. Some one starts a dance, and soon, tribe not to be outdone by tribe, they all join in. In swaying line or bending circles, scores of naked black figures dance to their own chanting with immense energy and untiring enthusiasm.

That these simple, lovable folk have been left behind in the great world race is true; but, if so, it is no less true that the divine sources of energy so needful to all progress are still most surely ebullient within them. They can toil without exhaustion, and after the severest toil have plenty of surplus energy left for play. In thirteen months' daily marching among a band that generally numbered over one hundred men I only knew of one serious quarrel. Who shall say that of such material good men cannot be made? Who shall deny to such a race a future?

By the shores of the great lake dwell the naked tribe of the Kavorondo. They are supposed to be the laziest and least enterprising of people. Yet the supercargo of the smart lake steamer told me that his trained and organized band of Kavorondo longshoremen could, if he called on them, work for sixteen hours at a stretch without food, handling heavy steam freight on a sun-smitten wharf, in an atmosphere as enervating as can be found in East Africa, and that after this long stint of work was once done they would race up and down the wooden pier at Kasumo for the mere fun of the thing! Then, be it remembered, these men were well fed, kindly and justly treated, and taught to take a pride in their work. Vacancies in the band could always be filled at once.

The Kikuyus first met the white man only a few years ago. They had held their own against the Massai with exceeding difficulty, and owing chiefly to the fact that a thick belt of primeval forest defended their rich agricultural country. During their past but small opportunity was afforded them to accumulate anything. The richer their shambas or the larger their goat or sheep herds, the greater became their danger. English occupation meant the immediate curbing of Massai aggressiveness; the Kikuyu won a breathing-spell. What has been the result? Within fifteen years the tribe has changed. They are to-day raising great quantities of grain, and their men and women are fast becoming the porters and field-workers of East Africa. Only four years ago a Kikuyu could not be persuaded to take any work, however well paid, outside the narrow limits of his own country. He would throw down his burden and slip into the bush if he found the sefari's route pointed away from his home. He might be convoyed or guarded to some point on the railway where he had work given him, but the terror of the unknown would finally prove too much for him. Leaving his job, sacrificing his pay, the timid savage would slink away, perhaps to die by the roadside as he staggered toward the distant slope of Kenia, his forest home. He is now another man; he is his own man, and the small cash of the country is finding its way into his hands; he is richer than any other native, with the exception of the Massai. He is, of course, still deeply marked with the moral scars of his long misery; he is a liar and a thief, and parts quite readily with his women folk, but he is undoubtedly on "the march upward."

I stood one muggy morning watching a band of Waganda carrying earth for the foundation of a new wing to the miserably

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dirty little hotel at Eutebbi (lately the official capital of Uganda). Each man had an empty kerosene can, a box of some kind, or a basket on his head, into which he scooped the dirt he was removing with a small hoe. The earth had to be excavated from one place and dumped at another. The journey was forty yards; the men strolled along in line; if one of them wanted to converse with a passing friend, he did so leisurely, and all the line waited till the conversation ended before proceeding. Each of them balanced his load with one hand while he held a long pipe of tobacco to his mouth with the other. One by one they tilted their loads on to the heap of earth. I examined the loads carefully; *they did not average five pounds*. I could scarcely believe my eyes, but so it was. Some one of their number had settled for all the gang what the load should be; there was scarcely an ounce of difference in the weight, and the Waganda were intelligent enough to know what *not to do*. Their wage was twopence a day; it was not worth a penny. A few hours afterward I found myself in a 'rickshaw bound for Mengo, the native capital, twenty-four miles away—one Waganda in the shafts, three behind. The road, for this country, was good but very hilly, and in places very soft. The 'rickshaw was a clumsy, native-made affair, the wheels heavy enough for a pony-cart, and far heavier than those of a well-made American buggy. I weighed two hundred pounds, my friend one hundred and forty, and we had cameras and two good-sized bags—a heavy load for men to draw in a truly awful machine from a traction point of view. Our few Waganda, however, made nothing of it, and went off in the sweltering heat, chanting one of their endless grunting songs. When the road was good, we made at least eight miles the hour. We did the twenty-four miles, with one change of men, without one moment's stop, in four hours. Considering the circumstances, this was surely extraordinarily good going. The men at first sweated profusely, but before covering twelve miles they had run themselves dry. Only one of the eight men employed, so far as I could see, drank a drop of water during the whole run. The willingness and heartiness with which the whole thing was done, and their evident content with the modest tip given them, of three shillings for the whole eight, were impressive. The men came from the same tribe and had about the same physique as my friends of the earlier morning, but one group had found an employer who organized and directed them, the other had not, and therein lay the difference.

I have said nothing about the native as a craftsman, but undoubtedly he has in him the makings of a very good craftsman, and no one has made as yet much of an effort to help him along this most evident line of advance.[1] On any safari it is easy to pick out a number of handy men. The Wakamba make quite beautiful iron and brass work. I have seen some chains made by them that, considering the coarseness of their tools, were wonderfully fine. Several tribes smelted their own iron and sometimes their copper. In parts of East Africa they understand irrigation, and streams of water are carried across wide chasms and along steep mountain sides with no small engineering skill.

The point that I wish, then, to insist on, even at the risk of wearying my readers, is this: these people must have time given them. They are full of promise; those *who know them always love them*. I think I am safe in saying so much. I do not mean the missionaries only, but almost all the men I have met, in Africa and out of it, who have lived among the natives and studied them love them and are hopeful of their future.

Four things the native must have accorded to him: patience, sympathy, leadership, and a settled policy of government. He has sometimes, though only very recently and partially, had the two first. He has never yet had the two last, and till he has had all four for generations he surely has had no fair chance. His past has been uneventful and gloomy. Foreign adventurers caring nothing for him have ravaged his coasts. Tribal tyranny has drenched with blood the interior. Deserts, marshes, jungles, have cut him off and hemmed him in.

[1] Good industrial schools are now established by the German authorities at Tango. A very small attempt at such teaching may be seen here and there in the Protestant or Catholic mission schools, but this, the *one* all-important method of education for the African, has received little attention.

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From the outside world, until quite recently, no beneficent influences have ever reached the East African. He is but a mere child; he has his long life before him. Give him, then, time, and give him a chance.

Of all the faults his critics ascribe to the East African, of none is he more commonly accused than of *ingratitude*, and in my judgment that charge is not deserved. He is a savage, with the savage's power of memory undeveloped. He readily forgets both evil things and good. He acquires knowledge quickly, and his untrained mental faculty as quickly forgets it. But he is far indeed from being ungrateful or unfaithful to any trust he has accepted. I do not speak for myself alone, I speak for all the men I have met who know the country and have tested the native, when I say that no more faithful attendant in danger exists than the East African gun-boy. He takes his life in his hand daily; he follows, often (if allowed to) precedes, his bwana as they together creep along foot by foot, yard by yard, in the treacherous grass that may hide at but a few feet's distance the deadliest antagonist that the scientifically equipped hunter can face—the wounded lion or the waiting buffalo. He pays heavily, too, for his daring; again and again he is cruelly mauled. A man I had on my first trip was mauled by a wounded lion twice in six months, and, though his master was a cowardly fellow, who could not shoot straight, and ran away and left him the first time, Malin stayed faithfully by him, since he had engaged himself for the trip; so he was deserted in danger a second time, and almost lost his life. Long weeks of pain, sometimes of permanent disablement, and hence poverty, await these poor fellows, and sometimes they are killed then and there. They are not allowed to shoot, for their business is to have the gun they carry ready at an instant's notice, to be handed, loaded, to their master. If they could shoot in self-defense, it would not mend matters, as, for some strange reason which I am quite unable to account for, even the bravest of them can hit nothing with a rifle. Their life is thus absolutely dependent on the skill and courage of the stranger they so resolutely follow.

I cannot conceive of men more brave, of men more absolutely devoid of all nervousness, men more utterly faithful and self-sacrificing, than those good fellows who came with me. My one difficulty with them was to prevent them from thrusting their own bodies in front of mine into the dangerous cover where death lurked. I found myself one morning in long grass, with lions all round me, all of them unseen, two of them wounded, deep nerve-shaking grunts coming from all sides only a few yards away. My Somali danced hither and thither like a nut on a hot frying-pan; my Wakamba (Brownie) never moved a muscle.

One thief, and one only, I had in my safaris in thirteen months' traveling. He stole my precious letter-bag, photos, hunting-knife, and seventy-five rupees. When I got back to Nairobi, I talked the matter over with Brownie. The man was a Wakamba, one I had taken on at Nairobi for a short safari only. I asked Brownie what he could do to catch the thief and save the honor of his people; he undertook to do his best. He took up the man's trail, followed him for several hundred miles, first to one outlying village, then to another, and, finally, at Kilinduni, the port of Mombasa, ran him to ground. The job cost both of us much trouble and me not a little expense.

So much for the native's capacity for better things. But were that capacity even far less than it is, were he a far more brutalized man, were he lacking, as he is not, in those qualities which enable him to advance when he is wisely helped and ruled and educated, there remains one factor in the problem of his future which is often forgotten and yet may not be evaded. *He is in Africa to stay. He will increase. The country cannot be a country without him.*

In other lands colonized by the Caucasian the native has not been necessary, absolutely necessary, to the development of the land seized on. In Australia no one needs poor Jackie. In the United States and Canada the native was ever a rover, a mere huntsman or the most indifferent of farmers. The incomer was gladly rid of him. The red man perished or was driven back. No one dreamed of employing him to develop the country

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that strong hands had wrested from him. In Africa all this is reversed.

Africa is the black man's country. Nothing has been done, it seems unlikely that anything of consequence can be done, in its vast tropic regions without him. Here and there isolated spots may be found where the white man can make a home and rear his children. Too often his most abiding memorial in it has been the graves of his dead. In other countries, too, settlement and occupation have proceeded gradually. By slow degrees the conquered country has come under the influence of the conquering colonizer. In Africa's case it may be said that a vast continent, neglected for thousands of years, has, in a sudden access of international jealousy, been hurriedly cut up and partitioned among the great nations of the earth, each of them solely bent on outdoing his competitors and grabbing for himself all that might be grasped.

The national pirates have laid violent hands on possessions they had no moral or other claim to, but their booty is valueless to them without the aid of the forgotten and despised native. This is the state of things to-day, and, so far as the future can be forecast, this must ever remain the truth of Africa. The one atonement that it is in the power of civilization to make to the native is to improve him, lead him forward, help him to develop his magnificent country, and see that he benefits by that development.

Personally I am not at all doubtful that this will be done, for, apart from all emotional or moral considerations, Africa cannot advance without him, and as a mere matter of business his safeguarding and fair treatment will therefore be assured.

The economic waste of such government or non-government as obtains in the rich Congo country, to leave out of account its monstrous wickedness, must soon be evident to intelligent men.

The folly of submitting much of richest Africa to the Portuguese, who seem to have learned nothing and forgotten nothing in three hundred years, will also in time be apparent. The Congo regions and those parts of the country held still by the Portuguese are in a worse than backward condition. The tribes within them have at present no chance; they are almost as ignorant and terror-stricken as they were hundreds of years ago. They have gained, so far as I could learn, nothing by passing under the control of selfish and brutal European powers. Nothing has been done to help the native either in the Congo or in Portuguese East Africa. To all intents and purposes he is a mere slave, the slave of a government, that is to say, a slave in far worse plight than is the slave of a master. It is in the master's interest, however cruel he may be, to protect his chattel, while government or corporation slavery is only interested in forcing from him his stint of ivory, rubber, or toil.

GENEVA

BY MARY BALDWIN

'Twas on an evening such as this, I wist,
That Cæsar first saw Leman and the crown
Of snows eternal o'er Mont Blanc's pure brow.
He must have noted how the light sifts down
In amethyst and pearl as we see now
The twilight don her mantle of the mist.
Perchance his soul was lifted high and far
Above the thought of Cæsar when a star
Was born against the coming of the night.
Alas, it may have only thrown new light
Upon ambition's greed insatiate!
Yet was it Cæsar or Diviner Fate
That checked barbarian hordes and rudely broke
Helvetia's spirit 'neath the Roman yoke?

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AN OPEN LETTER FROM COUNT TOLSTOY

BY GEORGE KENNAN

I HAVE been asked many times, both in Europe and in America, "Why does not the Russian Government exile or imprison Count Tolstoy?" In the following letter, which the Count has recently sent to the Russian Gazette (Russki Vedemosti), of Moscow, and which I have translated from the Russian, there will be found his own answer to this question, and also a brief account of the arrest and exile of his private secretary, Mr. N. N. Guseff, and some plain words with regard to the present Russian Government and its repressive measures. It may be added that the Uralski Krai, of Ekaterineburg, has just been fined 300 rubles for reprinting from the Russian Gazette this letter:

Yasnaya Polyana, August 19, 1909.

Yesterday, at ten o'clock in the evening, several men in uniform came to my house and called for my secretary, Nikolai Nikolaievich Guseff. Mr. Guseff went down to see them, and upon his return told us that his visitors were the chief and assistant chief of police, who had come for the purpose of arresting him, taking him to the Krapivenski prison, and sending him thence as an exile to the district of Cherdynsk, in the province of Perm. This seemed to me so strange that, in order to find out what the matter was, I went to the visitors myself and asked them to explain their appearance and demands. One of them—the chief of police—took from his pocket a small sheet of paper, and read to me, with an air of reverential solemnity, a statement of the Minister of the Interior to the effect that, in order to promote the welfare of the Russian people, which had been committed to his charge, and in accordance with section 384, or some other section, of the Penal Code, he must arrest N. N. Guseff, for distributing revolutionary books, and banish him to the district of Cherdynsk, in the province of Perm, for two years.

After learning the contents of this document, I regarded further conversation with the bearers of it as unprofitable, and returned to my own room for the purpose of bidding Nikolai Nikolaievich good-by, and receiving from him the papers relating to my work with which he had been occupied. In this part of the house I found our guests and all the members of our household, who were very much excited over the calamity that had so suddenly befallen our esteemed and beloved friend. But Nikolai Nikolaievich himself was cheerful and composed, and, with characteristic goodness and unselfish consideration for others, he hastened to get my papers in order for me in the brief half-hour that the police allowed him.

We have all heard and read of thousands upon thousands of such orders and arrests as this, but when they come under our own observation and are directed against persons who are near to us, they are none the less surprising. Particularly striking to me were the lack of congruity between the personality of Guseff and the severity of the measures taken against him; the untruthfulness of the reasons assigned; and the futility of such measures, not only in their relation to him, but in their relation to me, because against me they were primarily directed. To arrest a man suddenly in the night, carry him away at once, throw him into prison (and everybody knows what our prisons have become through overcrowding), and then to send him, under guard of a man with a loaded rifle, a distance of more than 2,000 versts to a lonely place 400 versts from the nearest town—such measures as these, taken against a man like Guseff, were particularly astonishing.

One should have seen the parting between Nikolai Nikolaievich and our household, including some of our friends who knew him and who happened to be spending the evening with us. From the oldest to the youngest, and even to servants and children, they all showed their respect and love for him, as well as a more or less restrained feeling of indig-

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nation against those who were responsible for such treatment of him. In bidding him good-by I myself wept, but not on account of what had befallen him. I knew that he lived the spiritual life, whose happiness cannot be affected by external conditions, and my tears were excited not by pity for him but by the sight of misfortune borne with such firmness and even cheerfulness. And this man—good, amiable, just, a hater of violence, always ready to serve others and asking nothing for himself—this man they arrest in the night, and, after throwing him into a typhus-infected prison, banish him to a place of which they themselves know nothing, except that it is said to be the most unpleasant of all places to live in.

The reason assigned for the arrest and exile of Mr. Guseff was that he had distributed revolutionary books. But during all the time—two years—that he has lived with me he has neither distributed revolutionary books nor read them, nor had them in his possession. If, in compliance with my directions, he has mailed or personally distributed books of any kind, they were not revolutionary books, but books written by me. My books may strike people as bad or unpleasant, but in no case can they be called "revolutionary;" because they are most definitely opposed to revolutionary activity of any kind, and for that very reason they are condemned and ridiculed by all the revolutionary organs. The charge, therefore, that Guseff has distributed revolutionary books is not only false, but wholly without foundation.

The futility of exiling Guseff, if he be a bad man, seems so apparent that I am ashamed to discuss it. There is no reason whatever to assume that a dangerous man will be less dangerous in the district of Cherdynsk, where there is nobody to watch his movements, than in the center of Russia, where he can be seen by all. On the contrary. People torn from their environment, deprived of their earnings, embittered by exile, and united, in the place to which they are sent, with other banished and embittered people, are likely to be far more dangerous than they would have been if left at their own homes. But nobody thinks of this. It is customary to exile people, and people are therefore exiled; and nobody ever thinks what the results will be—good or bad, beneficial or injurious—to the doers of the deed and to society. Men go into the Government service, receive pay for their work, and do the things that they are expected to do; and not one of them, from the highest to the lowest, ever takes the trouble to think whether he is acting justly or not. "That's what is expected," they say, "and therefore we do it. Perhaps we make mistakes occasionally, but how can it be helped? we have so many things to look after. If we have made a mistake, what's to be done? We are very sorry."

When they have killed a mother or a wife with grief, when they have held people for years in prison, driven them insane, depraved them, wrecked their souls, and possibly put them to death, they say, nonchalantly, "Well, how can it be helped? We made a mistake"—as if they had merely stepped on somebody's toe, and excused themselves by saying, "Beg pardon! I didn't mean to." And this indifference is more terrible than all else!

The futility of such measures in their relation to me is even more striking than their futility in their relation to my secretary. With reference to my case the officials say:

"Among the pernicious elements of society that require suppression is the man Tolstoy, who has invented and is preaching some sort of foolish Christianity of his own, based on an absurd doctrine of non-resistance. Such drivel, of course, has no serious significance; but by preaching 'Thou shalt do no murder' and by giving expression to certain judgments with regard to the unlawful ownership of land this man unsettles people's minds, and, no matter what happens, we must put a stop to it. The simplest way to shut his mouth would be to try him—or perhaps it would be just as easy to put him into prison for five years, in accordance with the 'exceptional laws' under which we are now acting, and let him die there. That would be most convenient, and would relieve us from all further trouble with him. But in other countries, where they do not understand, as we do, the absurdity of his teachings, he has a certain importance, and to put him

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into the Krapivenski prison, as we do Guseff, might be embarrassing. One thing, however, we can do, and that is, make it as uncomfortable as possible for everybody who stands near to him, and that thing we will do with inflexible diligence. If we can't bite, we'll scratch; and, anyhow, we'll make him keep quiet."

So must have reasoned the men who banished Chertkoff, and who are now exiling Guseff; because their object was not to transfer to Moscow the evil that Chertkoff was doing in Tula, nor to remove to the Cherdynsk district the bad influence that Guseff was exerting in the district of Krapiva. Their intention was—and their intention could only have been—to lessen, or terminate altogether, the pernicious activity of Tolstoy. But the futility of such measures, so far as I am concerned, is particularly striking. They are futile because, in the first place, no matter how other people look at my ideas, I regard them as true and necessary. They give to my life all the significance it has, and so long as that life lasts I shall not cease to express them. Chertkoff and Guseff may be taken away from me, but my activity will continue. Heretofore I have sent my books to all who wanted them through Guseff. Hereafter I shall distribute them through dozens of other helpers who have volunteered their services. If these dozens of other helpers are exiled to Cherdynsk, or elsewhere, I shall do the work myself. I can no more refuse to send my books to people who want them than I can refrain from answering people who speak to me and ask me what I know.

But the measures taken against me are futile for another and a more important reason. You can get rid of bombs and bomb-throwers by seizing the former and imprisoning or killing the latter; but you cannot successfully deal with thought and the disseminators of thought in that way. Force that is directed against ideas and the publishers of ideas only strengthens what it aims to destroy. For these reasons I wish to repeat the request that I have already made to the persons who do not like my thoughts nor approve my activity, and who cannot rest satisfied without taking forcible measures against somebody. Let my friends alone and direct your force against me. I am the chief and only person responsible for the evolution and dissemination of the ideas to which you object.

But the affair which has called forth this letter has another and a more important aspect in its relation, not to Guseff or to me, but to the spiritual state of those who do such things. We all know what has happened in Russia during these last years and what is happening now. It is all terrible, and I do not want to speak of it. We pity those who have perished and are perishing, the embittered people who are living in exile or in prison, and the people who with hearts full of hatred and wrath are dying on the scaffold; but we cannot help pitying also the persons who bring about such things, and, above all, the persons who authorize and order them. No matter how often they may assure themselves that they are acting for the general good, no matter how highly they may be praised for such deeds by other persons of the same type, no matter how hard they may try to distract their minds with various duties and amusements, they are still people—for the most part good people—and deep down in their hearts they feel that they are acting badly; that in doing such deeds they are destroying their own souls and shutting against themselves the door that would admit them to the best and truest joys of life.

And so, in connection with this exile of Guseff, which has no serious importance either for him or for me, I would say to the persons responsible for it: "Reflect upon yourselves and upon your lives. Think how you are using the spiritual powers given to you by God. Look into your hearts and have pity on yourselves." LEO TOLSTOY.

Unfortunately, history does not show that oppressors cease to oppress merely because they are asked by their victims to look into their own hearts and have pity on themselves.

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OVER BEMERTON'S[1]

BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

CHAPTER XXVI

MR. DABNEY AGAIN SUFFERS, AND THE YOUNGER GENERATION DOES NOT KNOCK AT THE DOOR, BUT WALKS RIGHT IN AND TALKS EXTRAORDINARY STRANGE TALK

OLD Mrs. Wynne, who, in spite of the failure of her own plans, persists in considering this match her own making, and who came all the way from Ludlow to attend the wedding, paid us a call the next morning, to my great surprise.

While she was sitting in my best chair, who should dash in but Mr. Dabney, on his way downstairs. On catching sight of Mrs. Wynne, he was for a swift retreat; but the old lady stopped him and compelled him to sit down and be courteous if not courtly.

As they conversed, her eye, by malignant chance, alighted upon my copy of the "Pickwick Papers," and she asked me to hand it to her.

"Ah, yes," she said, "'Pickwick'!—what a wonderful book! You, Mr. Dabney," she continued, "being a literary man, will be interested in hearing that I once met the author of this work."

Mr. Dabney shot me a tragic look.

"Did you, indeed?" he said; adding quickly, "But, of course, you told me about it when I had the pleasure of meeting you at dinner in Queen Anne's Gate."

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Wynne. "I don't remember it."

"Assuredly," said Mr. Dabney; "I remember it very vividly."

"Very strange that I should not," replied the old lady; "but it happened in this way. I was at Manchester with me dear husband some time in the sixties. I forget the exact year. Me husband was there on business, and it happened that Mr. Dickens was giving one of his inimitable readings. We all stayed in the same hotel, and Mr. Dickens breakfasted at the same table as ourselves. The toast was not good, and I remember that Mr. Dickens . . ."

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At this point I stole gently from the room, for Mr. Dabney, I felt, must be rescued at any cost. Hastily scribbling a note, I gave it to Ern, who was bending himself into a hoop on the landing, and telling him to count ten and then bring it to my room, I returned.

Mrs. Wynne had just reached Mr. Thackeray. "It was," she was saying, "at a conversazione at the Royal Society. Me dear husband and I were leaving at the same time as the great man . . ."

Here came a rap at the door.

"A letter for Mr. Dabney," said Ern, "marked urgent."

"Excuse me a moment," said Mr. Dabney, and took it. He read it gravely, cast me a glance of intense gratitude, and, murmuring something about a very important matter, bade Mrs. Wynne a cordial farewell and hurried away.

I heard a jingling of coins outside, and, as Ern immediately afterwards descended the stairs four at a time, I guessed that for the moment bulls'-eyes superseded contortions.

"A nice man," says Mrs. Wynne, "but not a good listener. His thoughts seem inclined to wander. I hope he is clever in proportion. Did you say he wrote novels? I must read one."

The next day Mrs. Wynne returned to Ludlow, taking the Queen Anne's Gate family, with the exception of Lionel, with her. I was left alone.

It was the first time that Naomi had not been within call ever since I returned to England; and I was lost.

I found that I had nothing to do. Even London withdrew its fascination. I went down to Norfolk to see our old home, and hurried back, plunged in melancholy. I drove to Paddington early one morning, intending to go to Ludlow and stay at The Feathers; but at the station I thought better of it, and returned.

In a kind of despair, I became a clubman again, and with the utmost regularity for a few days sat in armchairs and read papers and novels and permitted cowed

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waiters to approach me and supply my needs. I am no clubman by nature, but, my father having years and years ago paid my entrance fee to a Pall Mall monastery, I had felt it a pious duty to keep up the subscriptions.

Poor little Drusilla, I thought, how much more efficacious than fines or imprisonment it would be if the magistrates had sentenced the suffrage revolutionaries to spend a few hours observing through a grille the daily routine of a club life! Never would they revolt again. Such a hopelessness would settle on their hearts and brains as would crush out every emotion save despair. Woman's chance in England will come only when she has destroyed the Club.

The evening before the Wynnes returned I went home desperately tired. There had been a heavy thunder-cloud over London most of the day, and the city was without air. I could easily have slept on an Embankment seat, I was so weary.

On lighting my lamp I had a shock; for in my chair was sitting a young man. Perfectly silent he sat, with an ease of manner, a quiet suggestion of possession, that I resented intensely. He wore a loose tweed suit, and held a pipe in his hand. I could not see his face.

As he gave no sign of observing my entrance, I coughed, and then asked if he were waiting for me, and what could I do for him. He replied that he was waiting for me, but that whether or not I could do anything for him remained to be seen. His voice sounded strangely familiar, too, but still he did not move his head, which was a young head with plenty of brown hair not too orderly.

I had a feeling of fear. It seemed uncanny. I advanced nearer, wondering what to do next, when he got up lazily, stretched himself, yawned, and looked round.

I saw his face for the first time, and held to the table or I should have fallen.

"Don't you know me?" he asked.

Know him? Of course I did. It was myself.

Not myself as I am to-day, but myself of twenty-one. I now remembered the suit perfectly, too.

I continued to hold on to the table and I felt a little sick. I hate and dread the supernatural. But he soon put me at my ease, or thereabouts.

"How are you?" he said. "I can see it is time I called. Let me look at your face. Yes," he said, after a long scrutiny, "selfish. You think too much of your comfort. You don't believe in anything; there is a self-satisfied superior hardness in your eyes. You have not cried for years. You profess to feel sorry for people, but your philosophy is stronger than your pity. When did you last do an impulsive thing?"

"Impulse," I said, "is largely a matter of inexperience. I have seen a deal of the world." (At the same time I felt that he was doing me a vile injustice. I really was, I remember thinking, a very kind man.)

"Also," he added, "you're getting fat."

"No," I said, "not fat. That's merely the solidity of age. Remember, I'm getting on."

"Remember!" he said, bitterly. "How can I forget it? That is why I'm here."

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"Mean! My dear fellow, I have been watching you for years—ever since you dropped me, in fact, and I've longed to get a good straight talk with you; but I wasn't allowed. Nothing can happen till it is time."

"And why," I asked, trembling and chilling a little, "is it time to-night?" (But I knew why.)

"I can't say," he replied, "but here I am. Let's see, how old exactly are you?"

"Fifty-five."

"Is it so long? How do you spend your time? What do you do?"

"Oh," I said, "I've retired. I read a good deal. I visit my friends. I walk about and talk to people. What should I do?"

"Do you ever get drunk?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I said.

"No, I thought not," he replied, with a sneer. "Nothing so enterprising. You keep on the safe side. But don't forget your old views as to the value of the occasional lapse—let me see, what were the words?—'the humanizing influence of the orgy.' You've grown out of all that, I suppose."

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"One's health does not admit it at my age," I said.

"Health!" he echoed. "Of course. I had forgotten that. Or rather, I have laughed at it so long. But tell me, don't you remember me at all? We were very happy, weren't we?"

"Fairly," I said.

"Have you gone back on everything?" he continued. "All those old schemes over the red wine in Soho? We were to do such things! We were to be so keen for the best, and the best only. The best work and the best emotions. We were to help so frankly, we were to do so much to break down the bad barriers between men and women; and now, tell me, what have you to show for it all?"

I didn't feel very comfortable.

"What have you ever done for any one?"

How can one answer questions like that? I had not been so utterly unhelpful, I knew, but I could not begin a catalogue of my beneficences; it was too ridiculous.

"What have you done for any one to-day?" he went on.

I said nothing.

"Where did you dine to-night?"

"To-night I dined at my club."

"What did you do after?"

"I smoked a cigar, read the papers and skimmed a novel, and then came back."

"Did you speak to any one?"

"No one, except a waiter."

"What did you do all day?"

"I was at my tailor's this morning; after lunch I went to Lord's."

"And you call that life?"

"Well, it passed the time."

"With all the world at your feet?"

"I have been busy enough in my day."

"Yes, in a Buenos Aires counting-house. Did you make money?"

"I have enough."

"Enough for what?"

"For security; for my simple needs, and a little over."

"Your simple needs! Heavens, man, you make me furious! How dare you speak to me of your simple needs and your scrubby little club routine—me, with the old abundant programme still on my lips! Can't you put yourself in my place for a moment and think what it means to see every fine generous resolve gone wrong? How do you suppose it can strike me—yourself at twenty-one, remember—to see such a miscarriage of idealism as you? You, who began so well, and promised to rise so high above the petty ruck; you, who were famous for your fearlessness as a critic of conventions and shams! And now, how do I find you? An old, timid, selfish club-man, poring over the papers in a cold sweat for fear of losing any of the dirty little dividends that give you the hogwash you call comfort and security. Security! To think that I should ever hear you use such a word! It was not in your dictionary in my day.

"Oh, yes," he hurried on, "I know you're a gentleman, and all that; but that's what's wrong. You weren't going to be a sterile gentleman, you were going to be a real man; you were going to help put things right. And now what do I find you doing?"

He paused for a moment. Then he continued his catechism. "Why didn't you come home now and then from Buenos Aires?"

"I couldn't; there was no one else to take my place."

"Why didn't you throw it up, then?"

"One does not throw things up."

"No, one does not. One clings to one's little pettifogging habits and one's little mean salary, even in a foreign land, while all that is most real and beautiful and best worth doing is beckoning one away. Prudence dictates the course, expediency controls. And so you turned your back on England and your home for over thirty years. Friends and relations died; it was nothing to you."

"It was everything to me."

"And yet you did not come home. You went on languidly and happily driving some one else's quill in that state of apathetic indolence which denationalization seems to carry with it, and quietly allowed all that was best in life to slip from you. I know, because I was there."

"Then why didn't you stop me?" I cried.

"Ah! I have touched you," he said; "you have admitted all. I did not stop you because those are the things we have

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to do without help. I am here to-night not on your account in the least—you have passed beyond my interest—but on account of some one else. Why aren't you married?" he said swiftly.

I began to see what was coming.

"Why?" he repeated. "Have you never loved?"

"Not sufficiently, I suppose."

"Don't you love any one now?"

"How dare you!"

"I am here to dare; remember, I've never grown up; daring is natural enough to me. *I* don't ask for security. Do you love any one now?"

I said nothing.

"You love Naomi," he said.

I said nothing.

"You love her," he repeated, "and—God knows why—she loves you."

"Say that again!" I said.

"She loves you."

"How do you know?"

"I know."

I felt horribly giddy again.

"Now listen," he said, and his voice had become kinder. "This is your last chance. Be a man; give up this amiable idling and do something decisive. Marry her; she's the best woman you'll ever meet, and she'll make you work. Marry her, old chap; ask her to-morrow, and begin to live again. You've been dead too long."

"Does she really love me?" I asked him; but he had disappeared.

When I woke up, I found I was still in my clothes on the sitting-room floor. I crept to bed in a daze.

CHAPTER XXVII

MISS GOLD SHOWS ME THE WAY

I need hardly say that I did not sleep more that night. I had two matters of the gravest importance to ponder upon: the shock to my complacency, and the state of my heart.

As to the charges of wasted time, I was bound to admit their general truth; and I did so not only by temperament, for it is my natural tendency to believe in the soundness of an adversary's case, being usually more ready to admit the error than to repulse the accusation—a poor retrograde frame of mind enough, you will say, but my own—but also after thought on the subject. I had, there was no doubt, vegetated rather than lived.

But it was not too late to begin; and with that brave piece of optimism for a halter, I gently led the first part of the indictment into the background and left it there.

But then?

Look where I would, I saw nothing but the sweet face of Naomi.

That I was never happy away from her, I had proved; that I thought of her continually, I knew; that if she were to go away, or, worse, marry another, I should live in a world of darkness, I knew. But did this give me the right to ask her to marry me, and would she say yes? How did that young devil know that she loved me?

The whole thing was an absurd dream, realistic enough, but as ridiculous as other dreams.

Having reached this point, I began all over again.

At six I got up and walked to Covent Garden and drifted about among the flowers and vegetables. Then I had a Turkish bath, and after breakfast I took a train to Esher. The only person in the world to comfort my wounded spirit and perplexed brain was Miss Gold.

I began with the young man's ultimatum upon myself. I told her everything that had been said on both sides; and I had no difficulty in doing so, for the memory was burned into my brain. Can it have been a dream? It seemed too real.

"My dear Kent," she said, "why are you so incorrigibly hard on yourself? Don't you see that you are merely the victim of the eternal impatience and illogical cruelty of youth? As far as I can understand, the charge was that you at fifty-five or so no longer act up to the ideals you had at twenty-one. Is it not so? Well, why on earth should you? You would indeed cut a rather absurd figure if you did. What are years for?"

"Ah, yes," I said, "that is the case right enough, broadly speaking; but of course he had a lot of right on his side. There are many ideals of a young man which it were better not to forget."

"Maybe a few, but the world is a great

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leveler, and every year brings with it certain modifying influences. I like a man to be his age. Twenty-one is not an age I am very partial to: it is omniscient and exorbitant and cruel; but I like a youth of twenty-one none the less. Forty makes better company: when a man knows how little he knows, and how little life holds for him, and is yet unsubdued.

"My dear Kent," she went on, "do you suppose there is a living creature who would not be vulnerable to the reproaches of his dead selves—even the busiest and most philanthropical of us?"

"Ah," I said, "but my theory is that I should not feel so bad about it if there was not a deal of truth. I am lazy—no one can deny that. I do nothing for any one."

"Not consciously, perhaps," said the dear comforting lady, "but unconsciously, yes. You don't lose your temper. You have pleasant words for those you meet. You write kind letters. You pay cheering calls. You make no one unhappy."

"Oh, that," I said, "that is all natural, and besides it pleases me to be like that."

"And why not?" she answered. "You are not a saint, I know, and you never will be; you will never make any great sacrifice; but that isn't because you would shrink from it if you had to, but because it is not given to your kind to hear such calls. You are not a saint; but neither are you a humbug. It is not lovely to believe in nothing, but it is far less unlovely than to pretend to believe in something or to make money out of religion. You set an example of intellectual honesty that I personally would put in the balance against a good deal of violent charity and the higher busy-bodiness."

"My dear Agnes," I said, "I did not come here to be flattered, but to arrive at the truth. You are making me as uncomfortable on this side as that young man in my dream made me on the other. I want to hit the middle way."

But I knew what she was driving at; I knew that she knew that I had to be on good terms with myself if I was to unbosom without reserve. Hence her overkindness.

"Is that all he said to you?" she asked after a while.

"Practically all," I said.

"Nothing in the nature of advice in so many words?"

"It was all advice and scolding," I said.

"Yes," she persisted, "but did he say anything about—about marrying, for example?" She shot a keen glance at me.

I smiled acquiescence.

"Well?" she said.

"Well," said I.

"And why not?" said she; adding sweetly, "My poor Kent, will you never learn not to be tender-hearted? Will you never give up your bad habit of being sorrier for others than they are for themselves? Let me tell you something: you have never mentioned marriage or love to me because you thought it would be cruel—because you thought that, having lost all that, I cannot bear to consider it. My dear Kent, you don't know much about men, but you know nothing about women. Women aren't like that. Women have not that kind of selfishness."

I kissed her poor thin hand, so white and frail.

"Kent, dear," she said, "Kent, dear, how much do you love her?"

"I don't know," I said, or tried to say.

"Enough to . . ."

"I don't know," I said. "I only know that I think of nothing else. But look at the difference in age," I added, for I have never learned to have mercy on myself.

"Now," she answered, drawing her hand away, "now you are talking rubbish. Naomi's years may be only twenty-nine, but she is quite as old as you in many ways, and you are quite as young as she in others."

"But," I said, "I am such a dull, unenterprising . . ."

"Oh, Kent, Kent!" she cried; "when will you learn sense? You are all alike, you men. Your vanity has got to be satisfied. You must assure your own judgment of your own merits. When will you learn that women don't analyze and appraise; women love. That is enough for them—they love. You may want to know the why and wherefore of your feeling for her, and make catalogues of her merits and beauties, and apply the right adjectives in order to find out and support your line of action and prove your good taste; but all the while you are doing

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that the woman is loving. She doesn't love you because of anything—she loves. She doesn't care whether you are handsome or ugly, or old or young, or cruel or kind, or strong or weak, or conceited or humble, whether you drop your h's, or have nothing in the bank—those things are beside the mark, because she loves.

"And to think that you," she continued, "you, moving in the world as you have done, Kent, should come to an old bedridden woman to find out this patent secret! Oh, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Perhaps I was not quite so ignorant as all that," I said, "but there are certain things that one knows and yet that one's humility won't let one know. But do you mean," I continued, "that men cannot really love at all?"

"Not as women can," she replied. "They can desire, they can possess, they can admire, they can serve; but it is not the same thing."

"Then—" I began.

"Oh, no," she hurried on, "not that. It is all as it should be. There is nothing wrong really. Men think they are loving, and therefore it's all right. But they're all householders and slave-drivers at heart. It's a law of life."

"I too?" I asked.

"Yes, you too, although you're more of a mixture than most. But it doesn't matter; that is the thing you must understand. It is all in the scheme.

"Listen, Kent," she went on. "I am glad this dream came to you. It was time. It would be well if such a dream could come to every man. But you must not be unhappy about it, because it refers to the past, and the fault was not yours. It is given to some persons to develop, to grow up, very slowly. Their youth is stretched out to its utmost length, and perhaps it never ends at all, not always through their own natural immaturity, but by the accidental absence of any crisis in their lives, any event grave enough to pull them together. It has been so with you. You have escaped the grand emotions. I could see directly you came in for the first time in the spring that you had not grown up. You knew a good deal. You had observed closely, but you had felt nothing. You had been waiting. Well, you can't help that: no harm is done; but great harm will be done if you don't behave now. You grew up last night: now live."

"I think, if you don't mind, I'll go into the garden for a little," I said.

I walked about for some time, and then I came back. She was lying exactly as I had left her—more or less as she had been lying for thirty years. What a life! She smiled at me very beautifully.

"But you said one day," I reminded her, "that Naomi and Trist ought to be brought together."

"True," she answered. "But that was my guile. I wanted to sting you into doing something."

"Well, you have," I replied.

CHAPTER XXVIII

REACHING A POINT WHERE MY HISTORY BEGINS TO BE WORTH RECORDING, I CEASE TO NARRATE IT

"Naomi," I said, that evening. "Dear Naomi, shall we go into partnership?" She gave me her hand.

(The End)

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THE NEW BOOKS

Literal-minded people and those of a didactic spirit who insist on discovering what lies behind Mr. George Bernard Shaw will be still further mystified when they read Mr. Chesterton's paradoxical and entertaining book about the popular dramatist. There is a great deal of good sense in this analysis of the elusive Irishman who treats life as a lark and makes fun of everybody indiscriminately, including especially his readers, his auditors, and himself. Mr. Chesterton's study bristles with paradox; but then Mr. Shaw is a paradox himself, and the application of the paradox to the paradox produces some very entertaining results, which the reader may be left to discover for himself. (John Lane Company, New York. $1.25.)

To put Mr. Crothers on the trail of Oliver Wendell Holmes could have but one result—a very clever book, by no means lacking in critical insight, and certain to be entertaining. This is what has happened in a thin volume which takes the form of a running comment on Dr. Holmes and the various people with whom the Autocrat boarded. There is a good deal of sound criticism and many sagacious remarks which bring both witty writers well into view, while defining clearly Dr. Holmes's peculiar temperament and talent. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 75 cents.)

A new edition of "Robinson Crusoe" in the finest possible dress will remind some older people of the constant arrival of new constituencies of readers to whom the oldest books in the world, which happen in many cases to be the best, are the newest books. "Robinson Crusoe" is a much more timely publication than Mr. Oppenheim's latest novel. Defoe presents so many points of interest as a man, as a writer, and as one of the makers of English literature, that this charming edition of his most notable work is a sore temptation to the critic to go far afield. But the book is so attractive that it is also easy to stay at home with it. The text is set in the right kind of type for children, large and clear, on an ample page with proper margins—a page that in its entirety will unconsciously educate the child in the best kind of book-making. His eye will be delighted also by twelve full-page illustrations in color and about thirty reproductions of pen-and-ink sketches for the headings of the chapters. And these illustrations are not of the made-to-order sort; they have life and picturesqueness. No child will look at the print of a man's naked foot on the shore without getting a fresh sense of what that great event meant in Robinson Crusoe's life. And Robinson's dog is a living entity, and not a mere make-believe. Every boy will love that dog. It may be suspected that the older children who sometimes take the younger ones to the circus as a matter of self-denial will for the same reason dip into these pages and linger over them. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.)

There are nine chapters in Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's "Forty Minutes Late, and Other Stories," and they are mainly character studies presented with the vivacity and human interest of the short story. Mr. Smith has a wonderful gift for dramatization. Such an incident as arriving forty minutes late at a lecture hall in the West, which would be a mere nothing in the hands of a man less keenly observant of character and less vivacious in presenting situations, becomes a capital piece of narrative, full of humor, with neat little etched portraits of half a dozen country people of various kinds, and especially of the lecturer himself. "The Man in the High-Water Boots" is another example of Mr. Smith's extraordinary gift of portraiture. It is an outline drawing of an artist executed in a spirit of royal good fellowship and also of keen discernment of artistic values. One might say of this collection of stories, as of its predecessors, that it overflows with friendliness and enjoyment of life, and that it furnishes a capital example of impressionistic writing. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

A few words about a few novels: Mr. J. C. Lincoln's "Keziah Coffin" is rich in Cape Cod character, and Keziah's shrewd remarks on human nature are keenly amusing. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.) Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Susanna and Sue" gives pleasant glimpses of Maine Shaker life, which she knows thoroughly; as a story it is not one of the author's best books; Alice Barber Stephens's illustrations are exceedingly good, and the volume is otherwise made beautiful to the eye. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.) Mr. Robert Barr's "Cardillac" is a machine-made historical tale of the time of Louis XIII, quite inferior to his best work. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.) On the other hand, Mr. Crockett's "Men of the Mountain," a story of the close of the Franco-Prussian War, shows more careful work than he has done for a long time, and is free from the fantastic sensationalism which often mars otherwise good stories from his pen. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.) Jack London's new novel, "Martin Eden," is, to be entirely frank, tedious; its scene is San Francisco, and its hero a rough son of toil who forces his way by self-education into better social conditions and intellectual work. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

Among other accomplishments Mr. Stedman was a letter-writer of uncommon vigor and freshness. Never a careless writer, his

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letters were notable for characteristic phrases and a fiber and vigor which gave more of the man than the prose style of his books. One had the feeling about many of his letters that they were literature. It will interest a great many people, therefore, to know that the authors of his "Life and Letters" have been able to secure a very generous mass of correspondence and that large use will be made of the letters in the forthcoming biography.

We hesitate to criticise a Jewish rabbi's definition of Judaism, but we do not think that the author of "Judaism," Mr. Israel Abrahams, Reader in Talmudic and Rabbinic Literature in the University at Cambridge, has shown as vital an apprehension of the essential principles of Judaism as is shown by Emma Lazarus in her too little known volume "The Spirit of Judaism." In three important respects this volume appears to us defective. The author fails to recognize that any religion which consists in obedience to law inevitably tends to become a religion of conformity to rule, and that, in spite of the protests of her more spiritual teachers, this is what Judaism had largely become at the beginning of the first century. This is Pharisaism. The author recognizes, but puts far too little emphasis on, that forward look of Judaism which is theologically known as its Messianic hope—that spirit which led Israel to live always in anticipation of a good time to come, when society would be pervaded by the spirit of justice, peace, and universal happiness founded on faith in God and loyalty to him. This was not a mere happy incident in Israel's history; it was a determining factor in her national development. And the author wholly fails to recognize the most radical distinguishing element in Israel's character, her peculiar faith in God. She looked, not as did the nations about her, to nature for a reflection or manifestation of God. She looked within, to the experience of man. It was man, not nature, which was made in the image of God. Symbols of conscience and mercy were, in the Holy of Holies of her Temple, the interpreters of the Divine Presence, not, as in the pagan temples, symbols of the power and productiveness of nature. Paganism deified force; Judaism deified justice. And so her prophets, who looked forward for the Golden Age and inward for the revelation of God, prepared the way for that revelation of a perfect, divine manhood in Jesus which was to become the inspiration and foundation of a kingdom of heaven which is righteousness, peace, and joy in holiness—that is, true healthfulness of spirit. (The Open Court Publishing Company, Boston. 40 cents.)

Professor Schouler's "Ideals of the Republic" is of great present-day interest. It is both a review of the ideals which we have inherited from the fathers and a discussion of their applicability to the solution of modern problems. Professor Schouler, it is quite evident, is among those who view with alarm the growing tendency to advocate Socialistic ideas as embodying the only possible remedy for the ills at present afflicting the life of the Nation. He sees clearly enough that reforms—and, in some instances, far-reaching reforms—will have to be instituted. But, with a fervent confidence in the virtue of the principles on which democracy took its stand in the closing years of the eighteenth century, he insists that the true method of reform lies, not in Socialism, but in a reaffirmation of the eighteenth-century ideals and their reinforcement by legislation that will restore to the individual the rights of which he has been, to a large extent, deprived in the course of our social and industrial evolution. He does not seem prepared, it must be said, to urge corrective action to the extent we believe necessary, and here and there one comes upon passages revealing, not only inconsistencies of thought, but even an occasional reluctance to strike boldly at the menace of "privilege." But in the main his book sounds the right note, and we recommend it cordially to our readers. With Professor Schouler we have an abiding faith in the virtues of democracy; we believe that the old ideals are still active in the thought and life of the Nation; that there has been spiritual as well as material progress; and that a happy and truly democratic solution will be found for the problems now crying so insistently for settlement. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.12.)

In the main we deal here with books actually published, but we are not above lending a helping hand for once to any publisher who may wish to secure a guaranteed *chef d'œuvre*. With names, dates, and places omitted, and with the omission also of a few excerpts from the drama, the following is an exact copy of a letter received last week. If some publisher wishes to improve the opportunity, we shall be glad to put him in communication with the writer of the letter, having first, of course, obtained the latter's consent: "I hereby venture to call your attention to the inclosed dramatic poem, '——— ———.' Two of the greatest literary authorities in the world, foreigners of course, have in personal letters highly praised similar works of mine, yet in America I have never obtained the slightest recognition. Little clans that have among themselves made poetry a derision, have united to deny the only inspired voice that ever was among them. Posterity will say that the American poet came, and was crucified. . . . If this drama were to be printed in any prominent magazine, the world would cease to say that poetry was dead; but it is useless for me to seek a publisher, for the merit of my work arouses only the rage of the literary powers that be. ——— ———"

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PUBLIC OPINION

THE HOME AND THE NEW WOMAN

After reading the article entitled "A Woman at the Head," in the October Magazine Number, I beg to call attention to the following points: Mr. Evans, the writer, says: "Advocates of woman suffrage thought at first that this very definite proof of woman's progress in the world of affairs would strengthen it, but the disillusionment followed soon. Mrs. Young believes in woman and in her work, but she believes more in the home, and she has the courage to say so."

These cryptic utterances call for elucidation. Thus, for instance, what evidence of disillusionment has Mr. Evans observed on the part of advocates of woman suffrage? We all congratulate Chicago, the children of that city, and Mrs. Young upon her well-merited promotion. Incidentally her appointment is largely due to the far-sighted statesmanship of Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, who, when chairman of the most important committee of the Chicago Board of Education, successfully urged the appointment of Mrs. Young to the charge of the Cook County Normal School, a position of which her present one is the logical consequence. Miss Addams, an active advocate of woman suffrage, now shares, naturally, in the general satisfaction over the fortunate fruition of her efforts.

Mr. Evans's English in the sentence quoted is not perfectly lucid. Does he mean that we thought that this admirable appointment would strengthen "woman's progress in the world of affairs" or the woman's suffrage movement? We rejoice in the conviction that it strengthens both. Every public task nobly performed by a woman sharpens the point of the question, "Is it not a loss to the Nation that this woman is debarred from helping to decide who shall make, and interpret, and enforce the laws?"

What does it mean to "believe in woman and her work" but to "believe more in the home"? In what work? It is precisely because the homes of this Nation are invaded by alcoholism, vice, disease, poverty, and crime that we insist upon having a vote and a responsible share in selecting the lawmakers and the judges. Our homes are not now effectively protected. Our boys and girls—the sacred treasure of our homes—are not safe on our streets. Laws for their protection are notoriously not enforced.

Because we "believe in the home" we propose to come to its rescue, not merely by means of persuasion and influence, as women have done for unnumbered centuries with sadly incomplete success, but henceforth with the full power and responsibility of voting citizenship.

Finally, Mr. Evans says, "One looks in vain for any evidence of the 'new' woman in Mrs. Young." What is a new woman? Are advocates of woman suffrage new? Is it not sixty years since Lucretia Mott, that exquisite Quaker exemplar of the domestic life, became an advocate of woman suffrage? Is Mrs. Howe new at ninety? True it is that during the international ovation accorded her in the Metropolitan Opera-House during the Hudson-Fulton celebration Mark Antony's words anent another woman sprang to one's lips as appropriate to Mrs. Howe, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." Is lovely Madam Severance, in Los Angeles, new at eighty-eight? Is Anna Howard Shaw new at sixty-two, after forty years of public work? Is Jane Addams new after twenty years of arduous work at Hull House? We are all advocates of woman suffrage. Warned by the Atlantic Monthly, we know that, if we are—or ever were—new, we need not hope to become old ladies, because "a new woman can never grow into an old lady." But are we new? If so, in what respect?

New York City. FLORENCE KELLEY.

CARELESSNESS THAT IS CRIMINAL

Apropos of the slaughter of human life by automobiles, which has become a National disgrace, I beg to call your attention to a somewhat similar situation in Michigan, and to the remedy found. During the open hunting season it has been customary for years for large numbers of hunters to go to the northern districts of the State in search of game. Along with the slaughter of beasts each season there was always a startling record of men killed by accidental shooting, especially by one hunter's mistaking a fellow-hunter for the quarry. Each such shooting being regarded as wholly accidental, for many years nothing was done by way of remedy. But in 1903 a drastic measure was undertaken to meet the evil. It is found in Act 121 of the Public Acts of Michigan for 1903. I quote it entire:

An Act to punish the negligent or careless shooting of human beings by persons in pursuit of game. The People of the State of Michigan enact: Section 1. Whoever, while hunting or in the pursuit of game, negligently or carelessly shoots and wounds or kills any human being, shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding ten years, or by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars. Section 2. It shall be the duty of the prosecuting attorney and sheriff in the county

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in which a violation of the foregoing section occurs, to forthwith investigate and prosecute every person who therein violates the provisions of this act.

It was hardly anticipated, I believe, that the law would have to be enforced against any person. It was hoped that its presence on the statute-book would be sufficient to make men careful of the lives of others. I judge from the reports in the press and from my conversations with hunters that the act has had this desired result.

It would be well for the statute law in each State clearly to recognize the accidental killing of human beings by the careless driving of automobiles as manslaughter. A New York jury, as reported in The Outlook, has done so; but the matter should not be left to the discretion of juries. With such statutes a check would be put on the criminal negligence of those who run automobiles, or are responsible therefor.

LEW ALLEN CHASE.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE? Dr. Abbott's timely advice to parents, presented in his article on "Shall We Send Them to College," has, I believe, met with strong approbation from parent and college alike. As a further means of protecting the young and inexperienced student-to-be, however, I would like to add a few suggestions gleaned from my observations as a faculty member in some of the large colleges of the Middle West.

When a young man of exemplary habits and high ideals enters college and there acquires dissolute habits, atheistic principles, and even broken health, the blame is all too often laid at the door of the educational institution. Is such a conclusion just? Let us cite an instance: Frank B. had been brought up in a respectable home where no effort was spared to protect him from every phase of wrong-doing. The fall following his graduation from high school, at the age of seventeen, he was sent to a State university to pursue a seven-year course leading to an M.D. During his high school course he had been required to perform no manual labor other than a few duties about the house, responsibility was unknown to him, and the father's pocketbook always opened on demand. Early in his first term the men of the "fast set" "spotted" him as a good fellow, with plenty of money, and liberal. In his inexperience, he could hardly refuse their proffered friendship or read their true character; and from this insignificant beginning resulted a downward career by steps well known to the average college man, until the bitterly disappointed father shut off on his allowance and told him to come home or go to work.

The logical causes for cases like the above are not hard to find.

The average high school graduate, hardly past his eighteenth birthday, as most of them are, has not the moral stamina nor the experience to meet the world single-handed as he finds it in the college. One or two years should intervene between the high school and the college, in which the young man should, in his home community, earn his own support, and thus learn the meaning of work, as well as the "value of a dollar," at the same time acquiring the power to say "No."

Again, it is conducive to the student's welfare if the parents will limit him in his regular allowances, placing this limit where it shall meet all the actual college expenses, and allowing a little for pleasure. The required size of such an allowance can easily be ascertained from the college authorities. Keeping an accurate expense account would also be of value.

Furthermore, wherever possible, the student should first spend from one to four years in the small college before entering the university. The general tone is apt to be higher, his habits and morals are much more carefully regulated by the faculty, he learns the *modus operandi* of college life, and is then far better fitted to enter the great university, where his habits of life and conduct are never investigated or questioned except in cases of flagrant offenses.

I would not be understood to advocate these remedies as substitutes for thorough and careful training in that fortress of a young man's character-building—the home; but I am convinced that they are of vital importance in the solution of that great problem of the college man and his morals.

Cedar Falls, Iowa. PROFESSOR.

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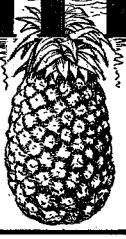

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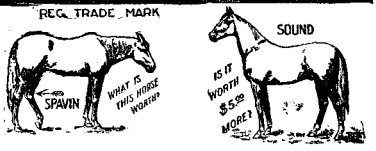

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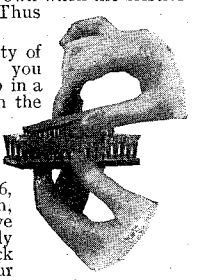

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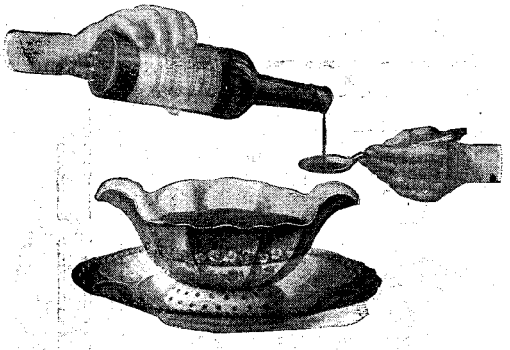

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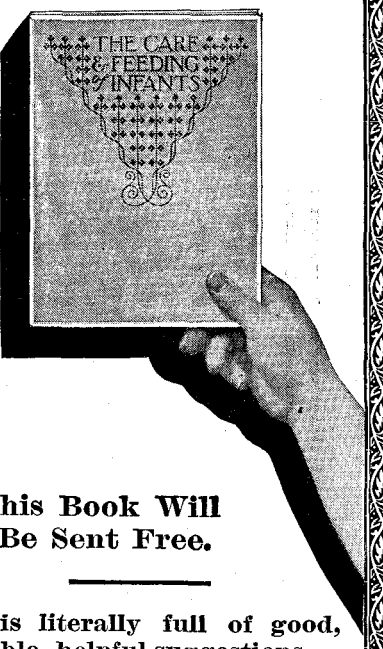

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